

tiger

Sports for SNOWBOUND LOVERS

MARCH 50c

ANC



HOW TO MAKE OUT
AT A SKI RESORT





THE TIGERS ROAR

SEND ALL LETTERS TO TIGER MAGAZINE, 624 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5

All letters must be signed. Names will be omitted if so requested.

James Forrestal.....

I hardly see him as Tiger of the Past. We Americans should be thankful that this unbalanced person was removed from power. Mr. Turner and you try to claim 'dirty work' and sound downright silly.

James E. Terrial
North Bergen, N. J.

The Forrestal Case is still on the Top Secret list in Washington. Where there is smoke there is fire.

Billy Mitchell

re: Mr. Lanoue's letter in the December TIGER.

I stand by what I wrote. Mitchell considered the Camel such a bad ship that he refused to use it in the squadrons under his command. My information came from reliable sources, including persons who were on the scene, and is corroborated by entries in Mitchell's own diary under date of June, 1918.

Mr. Lanoue points out that two American squadrons, the 148th and the 17th, were equipped with Camels. True, but both of these outfits were brigaded with the British and operated as part of the Royal Air Force. There was no choice for them but to fly Camels.

Here is what a flight commander in the 148th thought of "Mr. Sopwith's" little nightmare. "It was so small that even a pocket-edition pilot had to be fitted in with a shoe horn, with a petrol tank at his back, a rotary motor in his lap, and two machine guns level with his face. If he misjudged a landing or had any unexpected contact with the ground, the engine and tank came together to the great detriment of his kidneys, the machine guns slapped him in the face, and the ground patted him firmly on top of the head. Naturally no one wanted to fly them.... Some men's pulses would jump 20 beats at the mere mention of the word Camel. And they were so hard to fly that more men were killed in training trying to master the right hand spin than ever got to the front to give the young Huns target practice....

"A Camel was so short that it would roll of its own accord, due to torque, and naturally a rotary motor increased and emphasized the torque. Flying a Camel was just like riding a gyroscope that was out of balance.

"On our first patrol the whole outfit

kept getting into right hand spins, and the Huns thought we were giving an exhibition. The first Hun we saw looped a couple of times to show us that he could stunt, too".... ("Nocturne Militaire" by Elliott White Springs, Doran, 1927).

As for the Camel versus the Fokker, the general (Mitchell) wrote in his diary in June 1918, "The Sopwith Camel would be no match for them (Fokkers) in the kind of fighting we are having at Chateau Thierry." In the best-seller, "War Birds", an anonymous author (actually Lt. Grider) wrote under August 27, 1918, "A Camel can't fight a Fokker and the British know it."

Lanoue credits the Camel's maneuverability for Roy Brown's victory over Richthofen. In 1935 Brown himself told Capt. Earl Findley that he did not outmaneuver Richthofen in a dogfight but sneaked up from behind. It was a mere matter of straight shooting. Neither (Richthofen and his intended victim) was aware of me... Richthofen was caught cold. He was dead before he had time to recover from the full shock of the surprise..." ("My Fight with Richthofen" by Roy Brown, Liberty Magazine, December 10, 1927).

A pretty good summary of how pilots felt about the Sop Camel is found in one of the popular song hits of 1918.

Oh, Mother, put out your golden star,

Your son's gone up in a sop;

The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,

She's got a rickety prop.

The motor's junk, your son is drunk,

He's sure to take a flop;

Oh, Mother, put out your golden star,

Your son's gone up in a sop.

Anyone who flew a Camel of his own free will was indeed a TIGER.

Latane Lewis
Washington, D.C.

Pin-ups

We operate a recording station on Babbs Island in the Ohio River. Please check to see if you have any other photos of Tigresses you could send us.

Dan Owen, Captain
Babbs Is. Recording Sta., Ohio

We are sending you a few. But keep them out of the water.

Jennifer Blane. How old is she?

Dan Reed
San Francisco, Calif.
A well rounded 22 (years that is).

.....live ones, that is!

The boys up here outnumber the girls 3 to 1. Every girl already has a date. I was wondering if you could get me a date with one of the 'Miss Tiger' models?

William Coffey
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

Now, Bill, you're a tiger. Go through your college annual, pick out the five prettiest girls and ask them for afternoon coke dates. After a few of these you'll get known among the creatures and meet their roommates and friends.

(signed) Miss T. December

Jazz Poll.....

It is evident that someone on your staff needs to learn about Modern Jazz.

Joseph Sims, Jr.
Detroit, Michigan

For some great revelations on what the public thinks, read the Jazz Poll results in the next issue.

Lost Gold Mines.....

Lost gold mines are always romantic to us who operate gold mines...

Then there was the geneticist who cross-bred a Tiger with a Parakeet. His comment, 'I don't know what to call the offspring, but when he talks I listen!'

Henry B. Heller
Durango, Mexico

There is only one living man who knows where the Pegleg is. There is much more to the Pegleg story than has ever been published, and I can practically guarantee Mr. Ritter a \$50,000 reward if he can lead me to a point and definitely state "We are within 10 miles of the Pegleg".

The Pegleg was never lost; it was just overlooked and I can prove it.

D. C. Miller, Editor
National Prospector's Gazette

Father's Letters

Couldn't find the name of the beautiful form that graces the October issue. This could lead to a nervous breakdown for your faithful readers.

Bob Fuschetto
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

*Name is Sequin Garner.
[continued on next page]*

Say, you have a real magazine here. That December is great, but great. Twelve others and myself in BOQ 278 really went for that Marla English series. Hurry with the next issue.

2nd Lt. Glenn Israel
Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

Sports Cars.....

Jim Willner stated that the price of a Volkswagen is \$1895.00 This is in excess of the actual price.

Barry Schwartzman
Philadelphia, Pa.

The VW sells for \$1606.80 in Chicago.

Miss Tiger

The fellows here in the communication section have voted Jane Easton the 'Girl We Would Most Like to Cross Wires With.' What a way to get electrocuted!

A/1C Howard L. Penwitt
AFB, Kinross, Michigan

Have October Miss Tiger on my wall. I find in your description a statement alluding to the fact that this gorgeous specimen has an aversion to indoor activities. I take this statement to be misleading due to the fact that right next to those long, beautiful, tantalizing legs of hers are parked a pair of men's shoes. Please print an intimate review of events preceding this picture.

Harvey Bassin
Farmingdale, N.Y.

Harvey, Please!

Henry VIII.....

... caught you in a goof! Though he did date his marriage to Anne from Jan. 1533 back to Nov. '52, his divorce from Katherine was not granted until March, 1533! Also, he married Jane Seymour the day after Anne's exit.

D. S.
Seattle, Washington

Uh, hub.

Japanese Bath

Am willing to bet five years' pay that not one Japanese ever lost a bar of soap

in the tub. The custom is to sit on a small stool and be soaped, scrubbed and partially dried off. Then come a couple of pails of cold water. Then and only then do you get into the tub. It's really living!

Your magazine is tops. Look for my subscription next issue.

Cpl. Roy A. McLachlan
Tokyo, Japan

... author evidently hasn't been to Japan. Excuse mistakes in this letter, as suffering from wild night ashore and after effects of a bath, with a lovely, cuddling creature. Best of luck to your mag. It's good.

Baron L. Fentress, Purser
USNS Fentress
Western Pacific Area

TIGERS

'What is a Tiger?' in the October issue . . . if this is the only way you can find of making a living . . . by writing articles such as this, please cut out your definition of a man.

Gregor J. Schwinghammer
AFB, Bainbridge, Ga.

You are striking with magnificent impact.

R. W. Larsen
Washington, D.C.

Upon buying my edition of this month's TIGER, I immediately looked to see who the pinup was for the month of December. After finding out who she was, I fell madly in love with her. In fact I'm so in love with her that her picture is hanging by my bed at all times.

Sgt. Thomas E. Bonner
Ft. Benning, Ga.

Being a new reader of your magazine, I think that TIGER magazine is the best thing that could happen to all magazine readers.

Pfc. Walter T. La Rosa
Ft. Bliss, Texas

As you know, there are quite a number of other magazines "similar" to TIGER, and I have purchased a copy of most of them, but there are only three that I have ever bought a second copy! Your TIGER is one of that three.

I imagine, as you go along, you will receive letters from "people" who will try to blast your magazine as they do any other frank, sincere magazine. All I can say is keep up the good work, and ignore those illiterates.

There is quite a demand for TIGER on this ship. They roar for first chance to read my copy. (After I paw through it first, of course!)

Jimmy E. Thompson
U.S.S. MATACO

Just want to thank you for filling our orders for copies of the first two issues of TIGER. From here it looks like you have a real hit magazine. The one-thing wrong, you're bi-monthly. How about turning into a monthly?

Here's hoping and again, thanks lots.
Harold R. Reynolds
Akron, Ohio

I'm a G.I. in Korea. It's grand to locate a magazine like the TIGER for it's outstanding in every respect.

You see this place is bounded on the East by Japanese fishing boats, on the West by the Yellow sea, on the South by revolt, and on the North by utter confusion. It is divided by a hypothetical parallel which circumscribes the earth, depending on which side you plant your rice paddy.

In the summer there are millions of sticky antagonistic flies, countless and apparently naked children, all with running noses. The plumbing defies Newton's pet theory and the housing conditions are aggravated by birthrate competitive to crocodile's digestive system. And it is consumed with a tone likened to that of an inebriated hairlip sucking hot spaghetti from a soup bowl.

This is the only country in the world where the germ can be seen with the naked eye.

So you can see why we appreciate a truly great magazine like TIGER, so keep up the good work and write a few stories on "She Tigers." I'll see to it that TIGER is in the "Company Dayroom" each month.

Robert B. Evans, Cpl.
Hqs. Co. 304th Sig. Bn. (OPR)
APO 301, San Francisco, Calif.



Sports for Snowbound Lovers Issue

THIS IS THE FOURTH TIGER and begins our second year, for it was just over one year ago that TIGER became an idea. From that bleak day in October when we sat down in an office on the 21st floor of a Chicago skyscraper until today, absolutely no one could have foretold the great problems and anguish which would arise before TIGER took hold. First we had the problem of a format . . . a style so new and unique that a reader would never have to compare with us any other magazine. This we are still working on, for TIGER will change just as its readers change. Second was the problem of our competition, for regardless of what business you are in, you do have competition. Ours was good and well entrenched. But since we did not buy our competitors magazines after the first few issues (since we quite

frankly did not enjoy them), we felt that there may be others of the same feeling and outlook. Thus was TIGER born, to serve a need for good healthy reading matter . . . not smut . . . not sophisticated feminine material . . . but a well-rounded magazine of everything a man would want.

In these few issues we have picked up a hard core of loyal readers. Not will o' the wisps, not disloyal 'customers', but hard core friends who we know are helping us and whom we will not disappoint editorially. We have also picked up a few new staff members and contributors, one of the outstanding being Jim Bonestell, whose cartoons and humor are featured in this issue.

So if you think as we do, let us know. Stand up with us.

t i g e r



for men of destiny . . .

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tiger

MAGAZINE MARCH '57

Every Man A Tiger

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*Her nose may enlarge,
but the metaphysical
will always remain.*



*her breasts may lengthen,
beauty of this feature*

THE LAST published number of the *Bulletin de l'Institut Scientifique et Philosophique de Paris* contains a unique contribution to the psychological and aesthetic sciences, in the shape of a paper recently read before that learned body by an honorary member, M. Emile La Pine, of the 6th arrondissement.

In this remarkable study he exposes his conclusions and formulae for an entirely new science which he has been remorselessly investigating and perfecting for more than twenty years, and to which he has tentatively given the significant name, "Pygology."

At the beginning of his paper, which was the only one read at the last séance of the *Institut*, M. La Pine frankly admits that he first became interested in pygology after three different wives (he has long been a widower) whom he had trusted implicitly, had betrayed him.

Thus convinced that the face is no criterion of female character, the disillusioned scientist sought for some other method by which one may analyze and comprehend the essence, the soul, that lies within, or behind, the fleshly envelope. His tests show that a pygologist can read and analyze a woman's character with an amazing degree of accuracy.

An expert in this science does not, of course, even look at the lady's face. "Turn around, madam," is the first thing he says to her, and straightway he begins to study "those most beautiful and appetizing appendages," as Mr. La Pine affectionately calls them.

Omitting his scientific graphs and formulae, I quote a little at random from M. La Pine's interesting paper:

"What we commonly call the most ridiculous part of the human body, is in reality the most noble. The object in question appears in all its plenitude only in the human being, to whom it assures

that upright position that marks his superiority. Even in the anthropoid apes, it does not exist. Compare those poor skinned things that disgrace the female monkey, otherwise a charming creature, with the satiny gloves that are the appanage of woman, and you will perceive that the superiority of the latter lies in a certain graceful curve.

"It is even that, allow me to say so in passing, which makes me believe in the superiority of women over man. More than laughter, gentlemen, this plump ornament is the peculiar property of Mankind.

"... Let us consider the matter also from an aesthetic point of view. It is its symmetry alone that makes the human body beautiful. Now, a woman's body achieves that perfect symmetry only in that one place, which I propose to your unmixed admiration. We all have one shoulder higher than the other, one leg stronger, one eye larger, one breast more or less developed than the other according to which arm we use the most. Only the two orbs in question achieve, in the female body, this perfect harmony.

"That there may be something disagreeable about them, I do not attempt to deny, but they hide it in their most secret crease, with a discretion that other organs would do well to imitate. I think of the nose, for example, which for my part, I find indecent with its mucous, its running, its hairs.

"... Even from the metaphysical point of view, we must phrase these glorious curves. They are the most constant part of the human body. There are many homely faces, and so many vulgar hands; but there is no woman, no matter how ungraceful she may be, who is not beautiful there.

"Of all the beauties of a woman, it is the last to disappear; the breasts last only the space of a morning, the face is im-

mediately marked with lines. The back indeed comes close to perfect and lasting beauty, so that we find it the ornament of drawing-rooms, but the back itself is the prey of time; the vertebrae are not pretty at all, and a back quickly loses that purity of line that forms its beauty, and takes on pitiful curves. While that which terminates it as a heavy fruit terminates a branch, is, on the contrary, of an unfading beauty.

"Observe, moreover, that it is not only the shape of these globes, but their very substance, that is the least perishable thing in the human body. Get cold in your back, and you get tuberculosis; the breasts are gnawed by cancer; but these twin orbs remain untouched by the ravages of sickness.

"Let us therefore have the courage to say, gentlemen, that nothing can give us so clear an idea of beauty and of eternity as those sumptuous allurements . . ."

The pygological pioneer asserts that at least nine times out of ten, be the lady as slim as a trout, or as voluptuously furnished as an angel of Raphael, he can tell you her disposition to a T. A certain shape betrays a mystic soul as surely as another signifies frivolity. In short, these kallipygian beauties have no secrets from an adept in the new science.

At the round-table discussion that followed the reading of M. La Pine's stimulating paper, a venerable member of the *Institut*, a certain Monsieur Q, who had listened to the reading with close attention, ventured to ask the speaker why he had never once mentioned the object in question by its name.

The question made the honorary member, a gentleman of delicate sensibilities, blush.

"Does a well-mannered lover ever willingly utter the name of his mistress?" he replied. "Does a believer take the name of



by Robert E. Pike

HIPS ASWAY

the Lord in vain? Let us think of it, sir, always; but let us never name it."

To this reply, Monsieur Q retorted, "But it must have a name which we can use in speaking of its delightful sways . . . of its palpitating and beckoning gestures which are the first sights of the marvelous *first night*. To let it go without any reference is, as you say, to treat it as a mistress or, as you also say, to take the name of the Lord in vain. But does not even our Lord have the pseudonym of Jehovah?"

"Of course," replied M. La Pine.

"Then," countered Monsieur Q, "let us take a name for that part which yields the fruits of man's loins . . . which harvests the fruit of each generation . . . which goads man into the depths of despair and brings him to the heights of glory."

"But what name would you take," replied M. La Pine, obviously lost as to any reference which may be used in mixed company, since the true name of the appendage has always been of a mysterious character.

"Do you think we should call them 'gloves of desire' or 'halves of virtue' . . . or even perhaps, 'lips of loveliness'?"

"Degrading!" rasped Monsieur Q.

"Then," questioned M. La Pine, throwing up his hands in despair, "what will it be named?"

"There is only *one* thing a man wants of a woman, and contrary to whatever else he may *claim* he wants, this particular item is *all* he desires, for with it he has conquered her, subdued her, taken her . . ."

"And the name of this precious thing?" whispered M. La Pine in great anticipation.

"Her soul, of course," replied Monsieur Q.

"Her soul?" queried M. La Pine. "But why her soul?"

"My friend," continued Monsieur Q, "did we not decide that this particular part of the form does not change with the years . . . that it remains steadfast while breasts may lengthen, that it remains true while noses may enlarge?"

"Yes," commented M. La Pine.

"Then, good friend," finalized Monsieur Q, "it can *only* be her soul, for of all the characteristics of a woman, only her soul remains true and faithful, regardless of years."

"Why of course!" exclaimed M. La Pine, "and this part, being of the same durable matter, is simply her soul in physical form! Voila! It is solved! The

judgement of every creature shall be defined by her soul, and unclothed, her soul is her soul!"

"Ah. Oui," sighed Monsieur Q. "For as a woman named Stein once said, 'A rose is a rose is a rose.' Meme chose." *

Nina began to move slowly, gracefully, turning upon herself, becoming first taller, then shorter, stretching and rearing, advancing with lust . . .



The Jewel

I WASN'T at all happy to see Jud when he walked up to us at the bar. Hal and I hadn't seen him for years, and neither of us said anything.

He grinned sort of crooked, putting on the charm.

"Mind if I join you two?"

With that he slipped up on the bar stool next to me, and there was nothing to do but include him in whatever we might salvage of the conversation.

Jud had always been the kind of 'gentleman' who condescends to pass the time with the lads until something interesting in a skirt comes along. Then he does his best to make every man in the room look like a slob.

Pseudos like him had never warmed a good beer with Hal or myself, and I was ready to finish off mine and leave, when Hal put out a teaser.

"Why don't you tell Jud about that strange 'house' you visited in Paris during the war . . ." he said.

I had written him from France at the time. I regretted that indiscretion now.

" . . . He might be interested," Hal continued, "I understand he's quite a collector of such tales."

I glanced at Jud; there was no question about it, he was definitely interested.

"I'd rather not," I protested. "It's more a club than a regular house. I was taken there by a friend, asked not to mention it."

"Be a sport," Hal said.

I continued to protest, but neither of them would let me off the hook.

"Okay, okay," I said at last, "but remember, you asked for it."

"Come on," Jud said impatiently, "get on with it!"

"Well, this was like no other brothel I'd ever seen. You know what the typical better place is like—the massive double doors, the dark paneling, the fluted columns, the heavy gilt mirrors beginning to craze, the plush divans and huge ottomans with girls sprawled in poses of boredom or indifference, dressed in negligees or evening gowns, depending on the place, but the *sous-maitresse* always primly erect, the picture of respectability in a tight fitting dress, high collar, and long, full sleeves . . ."

I warmed quickly to my topic. It's the type of thing I often do to get in the mood of a tale.

Ironically, Jud was looking at me with respect for the first time. I was now a man of the world and worth knowing. It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

" . . . The place to which my friend took me," I continued, "is a chateau set in a formal garden on the outskirts of Paris. We were attired in evening clothes for the occasion and were met at the door by a butler, who took our wraps, then showed us to a drawing room straight out of the eighteenth century.



by J. F. Peirce

"There were thirteen men already present, and though no introductions were made, I recognized most of them—writers, musicians, painters, politicians—all important men whose names you would recognize but wouldn't believe if I were to tell you.

"After we had been there perhaps twenty minutes, at most, half an hour, a bell sounded, summoning us to dinner."

"Dinner?" Jud repeated, not sure he had heard correctly.

"Yes, I told you it was different from the sort of place you're used to . . ."

Hal looked knowingly at me, and ordered another round of drinks.

" . . . The table was set for thirty, and already seated about it were fifteen women, each of a different nationality, a different creed, a different shade of color. Nor was that all. For they ranged in size, from a tiny Siamese woman of approximately four feet to a towering Watusi well over eight feet six inches all; in age, from a girl of twelve, an Untouchable from India, to a regal-looking Polish countess well over eighty; in shape, from the boyish slimness of an English girl to the voluptuousness of an Egyptian woman; and in appearance, from the delicate, exotic beauty of a Chinese maiden to the indescribable ugliness of the giant Negress—ugliness so pronounced as to be impressive. I could see at a glance that she was the most sought after woman in the room.

"On entering, we had formed a line and begun to circle about the table. From somewhere came hidden music, Debussy's *L'apres Midi d'un Faun*. And in effect, we played musical chairs—for the woman we were behind when the music stopped was to be our partner for the evening—and the element of chance gave added spice to the moment.

"One could tell which woman each man was interested in. As he approached her he would slow down, and once passed, speed up again. That's how I knew that so many of them desired the Negress.

"Then, in mid-note, the music stopped. I had been most fortunate. My companion was an Italian girl named Nina. She had an exquisite olive complexion and long raven hair that was drawn back in a bun at the base of her neck. She was extraordinarily beautiful, and her figure was magnificent. I learned later that she had done post-doctoral work at the Sorbonne and that she spoke five languages fluently, one of them English.

"As I sat down, I discovered that the Negress was seated directly opposite. She stared at me boldly and smiled, revealing teeth which had been filed to sharp points."

I continued describing the room, its paneled walls, each panel painted with an erotic design, the whole, running the gamut of sex perversion, a veritable education in the art of love. The panels were attributed to Fragonard, and it was said

that he had done them on commission for Mme. Du Barry. Certainly one woman in each panel bore her a striking resemblance.

Having moved Jud with a description of the panels, I set about torturing him with a description of the tables: the spotless linen, the polished silver, the sparkling crystal. In loving detail I conjured up the menu, dwelling on the more fabulous French delicacies that turn the average American stomach. I succeeded with Jud on the calf's head complete with eyes.

I followed with the liqueurs, concentrating on absinthe, the one drink I know very much about.

"Absinthe," I said knowingly, "can no longer be sold legally in France, but at times one can obtain it at such private clubs. It is a potent drink and has a greenish color and a strong licorice taste. It contains wormwood, and its excessive use leads to nervous derangement. Oscar Wilde drank it because it was the favorite drink of Baudelaire, whom he admired, and in one of his books he describes its effect . . ."

Jud started to protest, then shrugged in resignation, and I continued.

" . . . After the first glass of absinthe you see things as you wish they were. After the second you see them as they are not. Finally you see things as they really are, and that is the most horrible thing in the world.

[continued on page 26]



*She waved a kiss from her lips
and from that moment the
wealthy banker dreamed of no
other. But it was a dangerous
game.*

THE NIGHT WAS clear, good for viewing. Besides, it was unseasonably warm. From the rooftop hideaway Bernard watched his wife's shadow move across the lawn, then contemplated the velvet darkness when the yellow square of light vanished. Laura had gone to bed.

Slowly, precisely, he stood up and stretched, wiped his glasses with a slip of lens tissue, lighted a cigaret and exhaled slowly. You can hardly taste the smoke when it's dark, he thought. Still, it was relaxing. Since the next scheduled flight came over at 11:56 he wouldn't have to call in for half an hour. He finished the cigaret, looked out across the night sky above Center City, then ground out the cigaret under foot and stepped back to his telescope.

Quickly he readjusted it, slipped on a new lens and swung the barrel, like a machine gun, bringing it to bear upon something on the far side of town.

In his viewer, a distant square of light shimmered a trifle with heat waves. Bernard frowned. He slowly turned the focusing knob with nervous fingers, until the window of Miss Amity Temple's bedroom snapped into sharp view.

A clamminess broke out on his forehead. He felt himself breathing heavily, and he thought about his heart condition. Involuntarily he jiggled the eyepiece. Miss Temple's window trembled nervously, then steadied down. Bernard held his breath a long time.

Finally exhaling, he pulled his watch from a vest pocket and snapped open the

lid. It was a fine Swiss watch, given him by his fellow workers on his 20th anniversary at the State Bank. Miss Temple, in fact, had presented it to him, with a warm, moist kiss. Miss Temple was a red-haired cashier. She worked in the front cage, next to his desk. He knew her physical assets by heart. He'd checked them daily for six months, ever since she'd come to work at the bank.

The time was now precisely 11:30. Anxiously Bernard lifted his watch to his ear and listened. It ticked merrily, with a beat only slightly faster than his heart. He put away the watch and returned to the telescope.

This was the moment, now. Miss Temple regularly went to her room at 11:30, snapped on the light, then left, probably

The Night Watch



of Bernard Benson, G.O.C.

by Peter Abbott

for the bathroom. Exactly 12 minutes later she would reappear, cross to the window to raise it a trifle, then stand there a moment, breathing deeply the fresh night air, shoulders back, head high.

Between the branches of a giant elm tree, Bernard watched the ritual nightly, between airplanes. It stirred some forgotten emotion, something warm, carefree. It lasted until the girl snapped off the light and Bernard was again alone with the flyways.

Miss Temple appeared on schedule, stepped to the window and raised it, stood inhaling the night air. In his telescope, she stood close enough for Bernard to reach out and touch her, a lovely, warm body outlined against the bright rose pattern of the paper on the far wall of her

room. He could even make out the face of the Big Ben clock on her dresser. It said 11:27—fifteen minutes slow, Bernard noted, frowning. Then suddenly the light went out. Bernard cursed. The clock had so distracted his attention he had not properly observed Miss Temple.

AT 12:15 A.M. Bernard Benson, vice president of the Center City State Bank, climbed down the ladder and went to bed, his supper forgotten.

He tried to slip into bed quietly, without disturbing his wife, but Laura's snoring ended suddenly on a sucking note. She sat up.

"Is that you, Bernard?"

"And whom did you expect, my dear?"

Laura lay down again, pulling the blan-

ket tightly under her chin. "You know," she said, "people are starting to talk, Bernard."

"What about?" A shimmer of guilt played through his mind as he thought of Miss Temple.

"Spending all that time up on the roof like some crazy fool. They say we're not getting along."

Bernard relaxed. He reached out and squeezed Laura's hand. "Ridiculous!" he said.

But, Bernard felt a sudden cold resentment. He turned over and dug his face into the cool, white pillow and tried to recall the emotion he had experienced at the telescope, watching Miss Temple. And

[continued on page 63]

Blood and

He called the Red colonel a son-of-a-bitch and prepared to drive his point home with armor, but then a trick of fate cost America her finest example of a TIGER.

George S. Patton, Jr.

THE TIME WAS 1916 and the place Las Cienegas, Mexico. A tall, gaunt 2nd lieutenant serving under General Black Jack Pershing with the Mexican Punitive Expedition was escorting a civilian interpreter to a Mexican ranch house when suddenly the gates of the wall around the ranch swung open and three screaming horsemen emerged, their pistols firing wildly.

The young officer dropped to the ground, whipping out his service revolver in the process, and squeezed off three shots. Two of the horsemen dropped in their tracks, while the third wheeled his mount about and dashed back to the safety of the walls.

Thus two of Pancho Villa's three personal bodyguards were killed by the green and hitherto untried George S. Patton.

In later years soldiers serving under him would wonder why he kept his pistol strapped to his knee, western fashion. The reason was simple: Patton was acknowledged as the finest pistol shot in the U.S. Army. He wrote the pistol regulations for the corps and in the Olympics of 1912 placed 4th in the Military Pentathlon.

The Swedes who shot against him that memorable day swear that he fired a shot that went through a bulls-eye in the exact same spot as the shot before—a feat never equaled since.

Besides pistol firing, Patton was 1st in fencing, conquering the champion of the French Army, 3d in cross-country riding, and 3d in cross-country running.

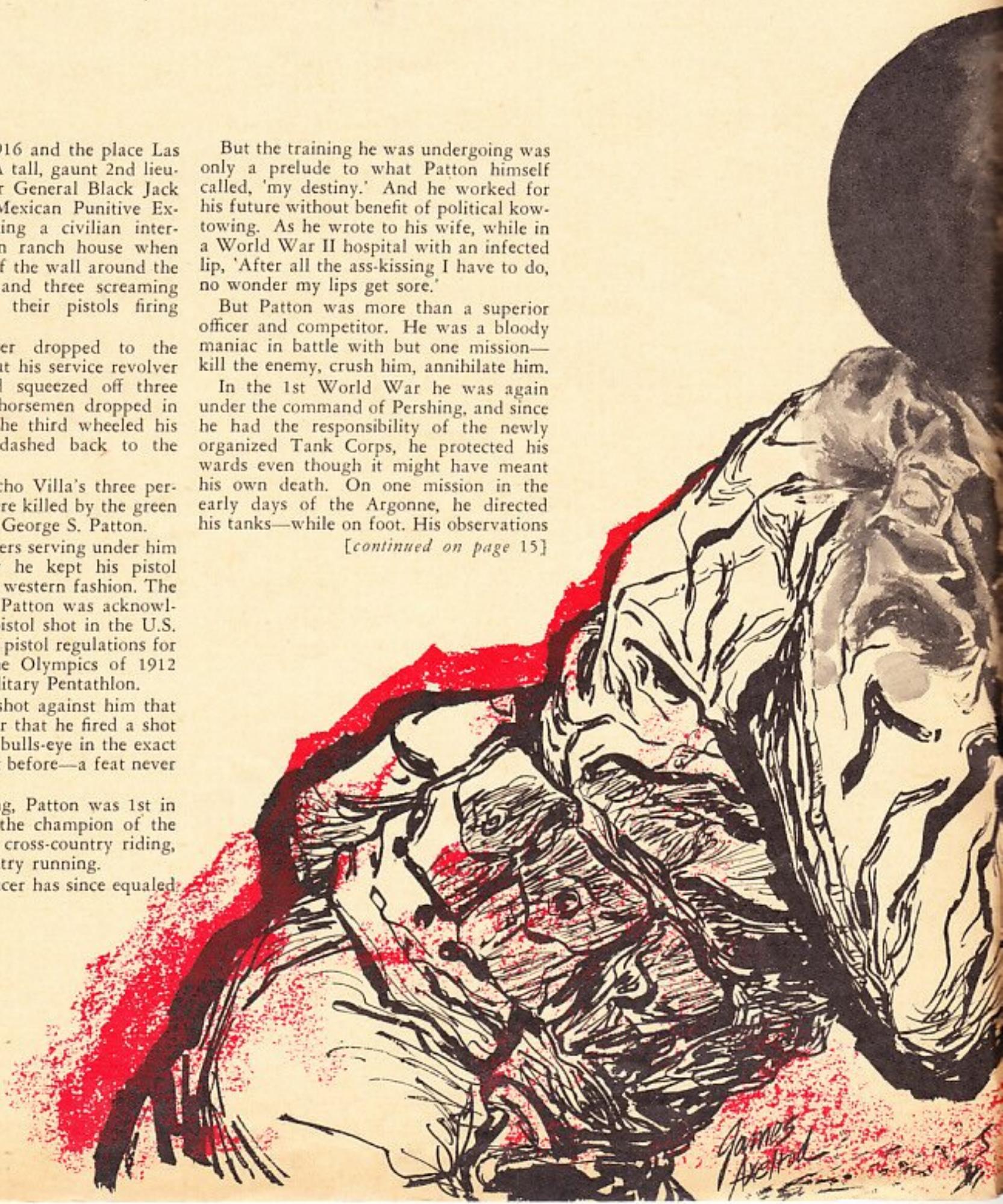
No U.S. Army officer has since equaled these feats.

But the training he was undergoing was only a prelude to what Patton himself called, 'my destiny.' And he worked for his future without benefit of political kowtowing. As he wrote to his wife, while in a World War II hospital with an infected lip, 'After all the ass-kissing I have to do, no wonder my lips get sore.'

But Patton was more than a superior officer and competitor. He was a bloody maniac in battle with but one mission—kill the enemy, crush him, annihilate him.

In the 1st World War he was again under the command of Pershing, and since he had the responsibility of the newly organized Tank Corps, he protected his wards even though it might have meant his own death. On one mission in the early days of the Argonne, he directed his tanks—while on foot. His observations

[continued on page 15]



Guts

by George Fox, Jr.





Left: Two 3rd Armored Division men advance under enemy fire in Mont Le Ban, Belgium.

Far left and below: German prisoners taken in southern France and in Cisterna, Italy.



[continued from page 12] had been hampered by a machine gun nest which had pinned him down. To send tanks into an area without knowing the strength of the positions behind the M.G. nest was out of the question. Instantly, Patton charged the nest with his runner. The Boche slugs tore into his waist and he fell severely wounded. For him most of the later fighting was over, but not his ability to plan.

A direct result of such forward observations was the Patton Technique of Armored Warfare, which had a basic premise: Heavy concentrations of tanks along a narrow front—complete breakthrough—maximum killing of enemy troops—minimum taking of territory. Said he in his diary of July, 1953, 'Only killing stops good troops. Defenses sap the vitality of those who build them.' He was thoroughly convinced that defensive warfare was equivalent to suicide. He continues, 'I feel that the future students of the Command and General Staff School will study the campaign of Salerno as a classic example of the use of tanks. I held them back far enough so that the enemy

could not tell where they were to be used; then when the infantry had found the hole, the tanks went through in large numbers and fast.'

In consequence to other field generals, it is a fitting tribute to Patton that his commands killed more Krauts, suffered fewer casualties and conquered more territory than any like army.

Again, in his feelings about Russians, whom he held in personal contempt, but professional admiration, he states, 'I have never seen in any army, at anytime including the German Imperial Army of 1912, as severe discipline as exists in the Russian Army. The officers, with few exceptions, give the appearance of recently civilized Mongolian bandits.'

A short time later this opinion was borne out when a Red Army private came into the American area to have a good time. At 3d Army HQ a Red officer was present when the drunken private was pulled in and charged with rape and arson. The Red Army officer turned to the Yank MP saying, 'You don't like this man, do you?' 'Hell, no!' was the reply. Answered the Russian, 'Neither do we'

and he promptly pulled out his pistol and shot the private through the head. Such was Red Army discipline.

Again, on May 20th of 1945 he spoke his mind when invited to drink with a Red Army colonel. "Tell the Russian son-of-a-bitch that the way they're acting they're considered enemies. I don't care to drink with him—I'd rather cut his throat!"

On more than one occasion, G2 pleaded with him to shut up before they'd have to fight the war all over again.

But, outside of the Russians, Patton's greatest fear was the state of mind engendered by the success of the A-Bomb. "The use of the atomic bomb against Japan was most unfortunate because it now gives a lot of vocal but ill-informed people—mostly fascists, communists and s.o.b.'s assorted—an opportunity to state that the army, navy and air force are no longer necessary, as this bomb will prevent war or destroy the human race. It is simply as I have often written, a new instrument added to the orchestra of death, which is war.

'As long as there are men, there will be war.'

Right: Patton with General Eisenhower, then Supreme Commander.

Below: Patton with Lt. Col. Lyle B. Bernard, C.O., 30th Infantry Regiment of the 3rd Division, on the outskirts of Messina, Sicily.

American Infantryman killed by enemy mortar fire in the Italian campaign still clutches his rifle and faces forward.



June 27, 1943

Subject: Order of the Day
From: Gen. G. S. Patton, Commanding
To: Officers and Warrant Officers, 45th Division



Lt. George S. Patton, personal aide to Gen. John J. Pershing in Mexico, 1916.

You men of the 45th Division must face the fact that you are competing with veterans, but don't let that worry you. All of them, too, fought their first battle, and all of them won their first battle just as you will win yours.

Battle is far less frightening than those who have never been in it are apt to think. All this *bull* about thinking of your mother, and your sweetheart, and your wives is emphasized by writers who *describe* battles.

Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best; it removes all that is base.

All men are afraid in battle. The coward is the one who lets his fear overcome his sense of duty. Duty is the essence of manhood.

Remember that the enemy is just as frightened as you are, probably more so. Further, remember that in fist fights or in battle the attacker wins. You cannot win by parrying. Yet the enemy must parry.

General C. L. Scott, who is a very small man, said, "By God, I could lick Joe Louis if he wasn't permitted to attack me!"

Death in battle is a function of time and effective hostile fire. You reduce the hostile fire by your fire. You reduce the time by rapid movement. When you come into a fire-swept zone, it is foolish and contrary to orders to dig in. Move forward out of it.

If you don't see the enemy, figure out where he would be and shoot at that, but keep shooting and aim your shots. In case of doubt, shoot in front of where you think he is. The whistle of a ricochet or the effect of being hit by one is very alarming, while an over is hardly ever heard.

The enemy is afraid of the bayonet. He is also physically inferior to us. Therefore go after him with the bayonet, and see that the bayonet is sharp. When you land, land with your bayonets fixed.

You have heard a lot about mines. You can move forward through a mine field. All you have to do is to look at the ground. If you see a place where it has been recently moved by shovel, don't step on it. If you see wires, step over them. Furthermore, there are not enough mines in the universe to cover everything, therefore, they are placed in positions where foolish soldiers are apt to walk. If you move where the going is hard or over rocky ground, you will not meet mines.

It is unnecessary at this point to talk about discipline because what I have seen of you makes me know that you possess it. But, there is another thing which an officer must possess which he alone knows. That is the feeling of obligation. You have a sacred trust in your men and to your country, and you are lower than the lowest thing that lives if you are false to this trust. An officer, no matter what his rank, must always be willing and anxious to take the chances his men must take. He must lead, not push, and he must assert himself. He must not whisper his commands. He must give them as per the drill book. This business of saying, "Come on fellows, let's go" is not a command. It is the talk of the mob leader. Use the word "Forward." Use the words, "Follow me." The men will go forward and follow you, and will be proud of you, and you will be proud of yourself.

Pride is the greatest thing a man can have. Not foolish pride as in the man who says, "I have on gold bars, therefore I am a great man," but the pride which says, "I have on gold bars and therefore I have done my duty. I have led my men. I have seen that they were cared for. I have seen that we have destroyed the enemy together."



"Why can't we just take it easy for once? Why must we always end our evenings with a bang?"

THE ATTACK!

by Jack Ebermann

"INDEED ASTARTIA is a prosperous and peaceful realm," said Captain Dove, looking around at the countryside. We were picnicking on a hilltop overlooking broad meadows where the herds of the local farmers were pastured. In the distance we could see plainly the towers of Gynopolis shining in the summer sunlight. Our party included the Captain, Alan Formoso, Cimon, Juven, and myself, with our guide, the priestess Statilia, the teacher Chachama, and four lasses from the University.

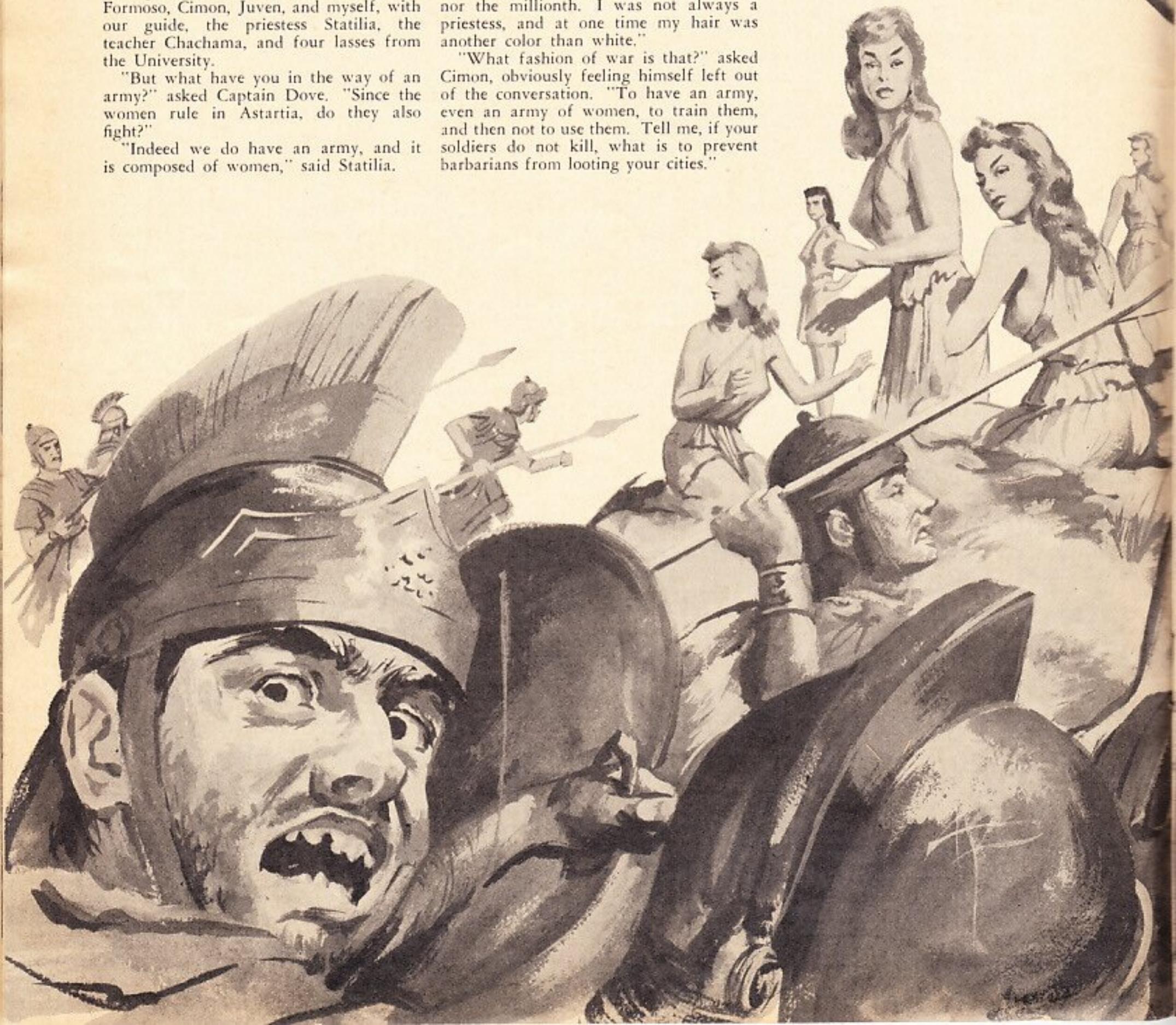
"But what have you in the way of an army?" asked Captain Dove. "Since the women rule in Astartia, do they also fight?"

"Indeed we do have an army, and it is composed of women," said Statilia.

"All pardon, Lady Statilia," grinned Chachama, "but were you not a priestess, I would say you were a wicked old woman."

"And how could that be, unless I *was* sometime a wicked *young* woman?" the priestess replied. "In your infatuation with youth, don't forget that you are not the first generation to have so enjoyed *it*, nor the millionth. I was not always a priestess, and at one time my hair was another color than white."

"What fashion of war is that?" asked Cimon, obviously feeling himself left out of the conversation. "To have an army, even an army of women, to train them, and then not to use them. Tell me, if your soldiers do not kill, what is to prevent barbarians from looting your cities."





*Who would mount the Border Guards?
And what horrible strange weapons did
they use to annihilate the enemy?*

"Do you think that they have not tried it?" Statilia asked. "One hundred years ago a certain king named Ulf united the Grobians under his rule and invaded our provinces, intent on seizing our flocks and our gold. However, his troops were engaged by our Mounted Border Guard, and ere long the Grobians withdrew to their own lands."

"Without being defeated in battle?" remarked Captain Dove. "What sort of soldiers do you have, who can repulse such war-loving brutes as we found the men of Groba to be, without killing them?"

"This is the manner of fighting of our soldiers," replied Statilia. "An invading force is first sighted by a troop of the Mounted Border Guard. They send one of their number to the nearest semaphore, so that the news may be telegraphed to the rest of the Matriarchy. The other Guards rush to intercept the invaders and do battle with them."

"To battle, and yet no kill?" said the Captain.

"Have you ever served as a soldier in your homeland, Cimon?" she asked.

[continued on page 24]



A Sun Valley Tiger

HOW TO MAKE OUT AT A SKI RESORT

The travel folders forget to mention one item in their advertising—the great hunger of the prim city girl looking for an outlet.

The high pregnancy rate of ski lodge inmates has caused some resorts embarrassment, but they are fast becoming conditioned to the fact that the skiers have reached that point of social maturity where nothing can be done to change the existing situation.

Thus, they have rolled with the punch with "planned" entertainment, but as the midnight soirees in the chalets continue unabated, to the great delight of the social worker 'out for a holiday'—the prim school marm 'away for a weekend'—and the devouring white collar worker 'away from his desk for a few days.'

TO SUCCEED in a ski lodge, two things are necessary. One, an ability to ski. (It's still necessary to be able to assist the beautiful girls who cannot, plus a deadly necessity in order to keep up with those who can.)

And two, an ability to charm, for ski areas are international salons and fine manners are essential to social acceptance. This second point accounts for the relatively few good 'ski bums.' Too many TIGERS look great on the ski runs and, being unable to charm a wealthy widow and her daughter, fail to make the grade after "lights out"—which is when a TIGER really roars.

Standard equipment for 'Operation Ski-Lodge' consists of highly styled clothing as shown on these pages. The old pull-over sweater and blue jeans are out! The

better the style of the clothes, the easier the operation. Make quite certain that you have had your clothing cleaned at least once; new appearing clothing types you as a 'hunter' which is poor strategy.

Next, be quite certain that you have ski patches sewn on your jackets from the various ski clubs and resorts. These may be purchased for a dollar each by writing the resorts listed herein, while each large city usually has a few ski clubs. This way you are recognized immediately as a 'veteran.' Thus you are able to 'advise' any attractive young girl on the 'benefits' of the different ski areas which you have 'visited.'

In furtherance of this line, be very general in answer to any questions about other ski areas. Thus, ski runs are always 'fast', the climate is always 'wonderful', and the parties are always 'great.' If someone interrupts and seems to have actually been to areas to which you have not, dig your poles into the snow and shove off. Cowardice? No, man, this is strategy.

Also, be careful of the professional ski-bums, who relish showing up the weekend and two week TIGERS. A ski-bum can be easily recognized by a deep tan (TIGERS in contrast are only wind-burned), with a definite continental manner. When you spot one, let your good judgment be your guide. This dog can ruin a good set-up.

Other than these points, all you need to know are the places in which you can operate, and here they are:



| LOCATION | LODGE | CHALET |
|--|---------------------------|-----------|
| Stowe Vermont | 5.50 & up | 4.50 & up |
| Lake Placid New York | 4.50 & up | 4.00 & up |
| Boyne Mt. Lodge Michigan | \$12-14.00 double room | 4.00 |
| Caberfe Michigan | 4.50 & up | 3.50 & up |
| Aspen Colorado | 4.50 & up | 3.50 & up |
| Sun Valley Lodge Idaho | 9.00 & up | |
| Reno Ski Bowl Nevada | 3.00 & up | 3.00 & up |
| Squaw Valley California | 9.00 & up | 5.00 & up |
| Timberlane Lodge, Mt. Hood, Oregon | 3.00 & up | |





| DORM | MOTEL | SKI-WEEK RATE | ACTIVITIES AND FACILITIES | LIFT AND TOW RATES | NUMBER OF SKI RUNS | FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE |
|-----------|-----------|---------------------------------------|---|---|--------------------|--|
| 2.50 & up | 4.00 & up | 79.50 & up | Dancing, party games, cocktail lounges, skating, sleigh-riding, quaint taverns & eating places, movies. | Chair—1-ride .85 5-rides 4.00 T-bar 1-ride .45 10-rides 4.00 Rope $\frac{1}{2}$ -day 1.00 1-day 1.50 | 15 | Stowe-Mansfield Assoc. Stowe, Vermont Phone: 6-2652 |
| 2.00 & up | 2.00 & up | 65.00 & up | Dancing; skating, outdoors and indoors, hockey games, bob-sledding, sleigh riding, dog-sledding, ice fishing, movies, ski-joring. | Lower Level T-bar & Rope 1-day 3.75 Upper Level Rope tow & trans. 1-day 3.00 | 7 | Lake Placid Chamber of Commerce Olympic Arena Lake Placid, N.Y. Phone: 1000 |
| | | 75.00 Chalet 90.00 Lodge | Dancing, skating, cocktail lounges, cafeteria & dining room, outdoor heated pool, planned recreation. | Chair 1-day 5.00 2-days 9.00 Rope tow 1-day 3.50 2-days 6.00 | 6 | Boyne Mt. Lodge Boyne Falls, Mich. Phone: 20 |
| | 3.50 & up | 52.50 | Cadillac, Mich.; dancing, skating, taverns, ice fishing, movies. | Rope tow 1-day M-Fri. 2.00 1-day Sat.-Sun. 2.75 | 25 | Caberfe c/o Chamber of Commerce Cadillac, Mich. |
| 2.00 & up | 4.00 & up | 86.00 Dorm 125. Pvt. Room and Bath | Dancing, party games, night clubs, quaint taverns, fine eating places, movies, opera, sleigh riding, skating, outdoor heated pools, dog sledding. | Chair 1-day 5.00 1-week 26.00 T-bar 1-day 2.80 | 16 | Aspen Chamber of Commerce Box 648 Aspen, Colorado |
| 3.00 & up | | 98.00 Chalet | Dancing, house parties, night clubs, fine eating places, movies, sleigh riding, skating, outdoor heated pool, bowling, billiards, ping pong. | Chair & Trans. 1-day 6.00 3-days 15.00 1-week 30.00 | 40 | Sun Valley Lodge Sun Valley, Idaho Phone: 3311 |
| | | 75.00 | Reno: night clubs galore, fine eating places, pools, and anything else you want. | Chair 1-day 4.50 1-week 25.00 Rope 1-day 2.00 | 15 | Reno Chamber of Commerce Reno, Nevada |
| 2.50 & up | | 81.00 | Dancing, cocktail lounges, outdoor heated pool, cafeteria, grill, dining room, games, movies. | Chair 1-day 4.50 1-week 25.00 Rope $\frac{1}{2}$ -day 1.50 1-day 2.25 | 8 | Squaw Valley Lodge Tahoe City, California Phone: 195 |
| 2.50 & up | | | Dancing, jam-sessions, house parties, dining room, grill, cocktail lounges. <i>Skiing all year round.</i> | Chair 1-day 3.50 Snow cat 3.00 Rope 1-day 2.00 | unlimited | Mt. Hood Timberline Lodge Timberline, Oregon |

Aspen



Hot Tips for



ski fashions

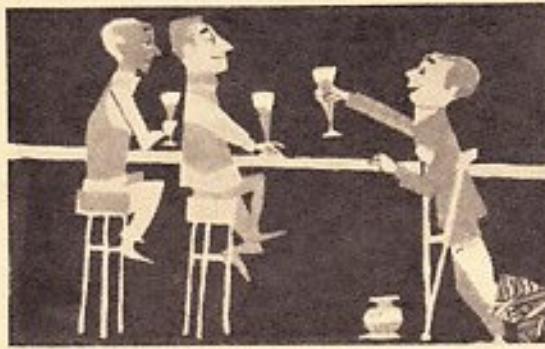


"Ranger" a Porath & Magneheim import from Sweden. This is in a white and blue, or a navy and black wool combination. The photo was taken last year at Cortina. Price: \$19.95.

Blue Noses

Do ski near cliffs and drop-offs. This way your horrible screams will not frighten away wealthy tourists.

DO NOT ski near children. They'll only laugh at you.



"Pilatus" by Bogner of Germany. A poplin pullover with knit top and two large V-pockets. \$20.00. Modelled by Stein Eriksen.



"Slopermaster" nylon parka-blouse, with a new V-hood. This is washable and windproof, comes in cherry red, gray, blue, or black. Sun Valley Manufacturing. \$17.95.



DO use profane language at your instructor. This is what you're paying him for.

DO NOT spend more than \$4,000 for your first ski outfit, since they must usually be cut apart to set broken bones.

DO bring a pistol with you. Like horses, skiers with broken legs must be shot.



DO NOT ski indoors.

DO brag about your skiing. Otherwise people will think you are an amateur.

DO use metal ski poles. While lying mortally injured in the wild country with wolves nearby, you may want to roast marshmallows.

Never ski under avalanches.

DO wear your socks outside your boots. They're much prettier.

DO use ash for skis. It's much better to fall on your ash.



DO NOT hesitate to trip anyone else if you fall. Why should you suffer alone?

ALWAYS yell 'track!' after you crash into another skier. Let her know you knew the rules.

Most of all, ski near trees and boulders. Otherwise you may coast forever.

+

Knickers are becoming very popular for both men and women; in the background, instructor's pants. Both by Edelweiss, the corduroy knickers are about \$14.00.



"The Cortina" 100% cotton poplin, this blouse has a knit collar and zipper closing. It comes in red or cinnamon, with black. White Stag; \$12.95.



"The Davos" 100% combed cotton poplin ski blouse. It has a self collar with double button closure that can be worn up or down. By White Stag, \$14.95.

ATTACK!

[continued from page 19]

"Yes, and in many campaigns," he replied. "Got a personal commendation from the captain-general for bravery when we took Migdalia."

"Then perhaps you know that women are in scarce supply among armies on the march."

"Aye, that's true enough. Twenty thousand of us marched against the Ukkians, and not more than thirty camp-followers with us."

"And had you encountered a band of beautiful young women, willing to lie with you?"

"Why, we'd have had them in the bushes in no time!" Cimon roared, slapping his high.

"Exactly the principle upon which our military strategy is based," said Statilia. "'Tis no accident that martial ardor and marital ardor are related by merely the interchange of two letters. No invader would plunder our lands when he could be amusing himself in amorous diversion with our Mounted Border Guards, who are picked from the fairest."

"A most novel idea," said Captain Dove. "But when this manner of combat is over, what then?"

"The Mounted Border Guards, who are so called because in case of invasion they are the *first* to be mounted, are so trained in their type of combat that they weaken their adversaries while themselves remaining strong for further battle. These skills are taught at the Matriarchal Military College, and have been proved in many battles. If need be, reinforcements are called up, but in time the will to fight is completely extinguished in our invaders. It is well known that one girl, not even of mature years, can weaken a dozen men in this fashion of combat."

"Were I ruler of Groba or Perkuna or

any other land bordering on Astartia," said Alan Formoso, "such resistance would tempt me to invade your lands constantly."

"You are too presumptuous, I fear," the priestess replied. "For what causes do men go to war?"

"First, to defend their homeland," said Captain Dove.

"Let us examine this point further, then," said Statilia. "The common run of man has no desire to leave his home, suffer cold and hunger, and risk death that his liege lord may enrich himself. He must be promised gold and glory, only then is he sufficiently inflamed with zeal to do these things. But when his zeal is extinguished by the methods of combat in which the soldiers of the Matriarchy have been well-trained, what then? A man exhausted by copulation sees things in a cold gray light; the voice of reason can best be heard when the body lies exhausted and spent after being racked by the passions of sex."

"And what does this voice of reason say?" asked Cimon.

"It says, why don heavy armor and ride a bouncing warhorse many leagues, when one can get the favors of a woman in one's own village? Why ride to the service of one's ruler, when it enriches one not? For with the exhaustion of his martial ardor, a man sees that there is no point in remaining away from his home and loved ones; this feeling spreads through the whole army, and they go away—those that have the strength to ride."

"How do you train your soldiers, Lady Statilia?" Alan Formoso asked.

"With Astartian lads," she replied. "Men of especial endurance are selected. Sometimes we hire Grobians or Hill-Men,

to train the women in foreign styles of warfare."

"But to get back to the Ithyian War. Our troop was riding the Grobian border, east of Dearhea when we sighted an army coming up the Way of The Lions. Major Nedara instantly ordered one of the cadets to ride to Dearhea and have the news semaphored across the Matriarchy, and the rest of us blocked the Way of Lions and prepared to do battle.

"Well, one of the first things we're taught at the Matriarchal Military College is how to attract men, for it takes a little technique to sway a man intent on killing you. In olden times our Mounted Border Guards used to simply strip themselves naked and wave at the invaders. A crude method, but it worked; however, it is well-known that a half-clad woman can be more attractive than an unclad one. The Major and some of the other women in the front rank dismounted and began walking towards the Ithyans with flags of truce. Each woman had one breast uncovered, and was wearing skin-tight riding breeches. The Ithyian advance guard had climbed a small hilltop, and saw them quite plainly. They shouted something back to their comrades, and began galloping fiercely towards us.

"There were about two thousand Ithyans in that group; they were over one thousand miles from home, and the women of Groba are neither as willing nor as beautiful as those of Astartia. Naturally, they accepted Major Nedara's offer almost before it was made, and battle was joined immediately. They outnumbered us ten to one, so there was quite a bit of fighting among themselves as to who should couple with us first, and a good many Ithyans were killed. We spread out into the hills, and the action finally concentrated in a village named Durum.

"The Major was practically the first Astartian to be seized. She was a fine figure of a woman—I think some of you know her granddaughter Gersema, who bears a considerable resemblance to her.

"Not that I had much time for watching, though; they charged right into our midst, and the battle was pretty hot. The first one to attack me was a big brute, whiskery and battle-scarred. I had never been in actual combat before, but had had plenty of drill during the war scare, so I knew what to do."

"I soon had the big fellow worn out. The next one was a mere youth but vigorous. I had to couple with him three times before he lay exhausted."

"I was eating breakfast at a campfire when up came the youngster who had been the second one on me the day before. He looked pretty peaked, and I offered him something to eat, even though it was against the regulations to feed enemy soldiers lest they regain strength.

"But you aren't *fighting* us," he said.

"As soon as he said this, he nervously looked around to see whether he'd been

[continued on page 62]

t i g e r



"... How?"

THE JEWEL

[continued from page 9]

"I mean disassociated. Take a top hat. You think you see it as it really is. But you don't because you associate it with other ideas. If you had never heard of one before, and suddenly saw it alone, you'd be frightened or you'd laugh. That is the effect absinthe has, and that is why it drives men mad."

"We, of course, had only one glass, so we saw things as we wished they were—that is the best way, the only way."

Having dragged the description out as long as I dared, I returned to my story.

"Nina, as I mentioned, spoke fluent English, so we got on famously. She was a brilliant conversationalist and talked wittily of literature, the theatre, and love. And for the most part I sat and listened, unable to take my eyes from her.

"After dinner, we strolled in the garden, exchanging protestations of love. Though we naturally meant little that we said, it was a pleasant way to pass the time as we walked off the effect of our meal.

"The full moon overhead cast shadows on the ground that shifted in the breeze, constantly changing like the patterns of a gigantic kaleidoscope.

"We had strolled for almost an hour when suddenly a gong sounded, summoning us to the chateau.

"Once inside, Nina led the way to a drawing room with a small stage at one end. And when everyone was seated and quiet, the lights dimmed and the curtains parted. A couple was gradually revealed in a single spotlight. They were in the pose of Rodin's "The Kiss."

"I won't describe what took place—I have sworn not to—but I can say that it was something quite unique, something I might never have conceived had I lived a hundred years and devoted all my waking hours to the pursuit of love.

"As I watched fascinated, a voice that seemed to come from nowhere, yet still to flow over me, whispered the intimate, passionate secret that was taking place . . ."

I glanced at Jud. Clearly he was wondering what the secret was.

"Later, when the performance was over, I could hear the rustle of silk in the darkness about me as couples left the room. Then with a gentle pressure of her hand, Nina indicated that it was time to leave and led the way into the darkened gallery, up one flight of stairs, then another, down a corridor, and into a beautifully appointed room illuminated by a single candle.

"Though I could not see the room clearly, I would swear that at least one of its paintings was an original Gauguin. Later I learned that each room was decorated in a different period, a different manner, illustrating the element of chance that made each evening's pleasure so exciting just to anticipate.

"Nina indicated with a gesture that I was to remove her gown. In dress, too, each of the women was quite different. Nina, for example, wore a sheath of jade-green silk, cinched at the waist with a belt of gold and held together at the shoulder

by a golden scarab.

"I removed the belt, then unfastened the pin, and with a gentle, swishing sound that I will never forget, the dress slipped along her body to lie in a circular mound upon the floor.

"And what a magnificent body it was. The candlelight sought out its natural oils, highlighting its soft, seductive curves as if carving them out of the darkness of the room. Never before had I seen a body so obviously made for love. Merely to look at it made me weak. Had I been a yogi, I might have spent my life contemplating her navel had she not had so many other, more interesting charms that fought for my attention . . ."

"Nina stepped from the green circle of her dress and began to remove my clothes, so expertly that it was a caress.

"At last completely naked we faced one another—each drinking in the sight of the other's nakedness. When we could drink no more, I took her in my arms, and we kissed from head to toe in a kiss of exquisite pain.

"Then, when we were unable to bear the pain longer, we drew apart, and I stretched out upon the gigantic bed that was so soft and sensual that it was an experience in itself. As I lay there seeking the secrets of Nina's body as they were suggested by the flickering candlelight, Ravel's *Bolero*, filled the room, and Nina began to move slowly, gracefully, turning upon herself, becoming first taller, then shorter, stretching and rearing, making herself all belly.

"Certainly Baudelaire must have had the same experience; he described it so vividly:

'Et son bras et sa jambe, et sa cuisse et ses reins,

Polis comme de l'huile, onduleux comme un cygne,

Passaient devant mes yeux clairvoyant . . .'

"For God's sake," Jud broke in, "get on with it."

I shrugged and continued.

"In an instant Gina was there again—and again we kissed. Then she was gone, blowing out the light as she left, leaving me only the haunting fragrance of her perfume and her memory to be possessed in imagination as I had seen the woman possessed upon the stage.

"I lay back tense as the strings of some priceless violin; played my melody awhile;

then relaxed, never to play that melody again."

Slowly the import of what I had said seeped through the layers of Jud's calloused mind—and his voice when he spoke was strained, unnatural.

"You mean you didn't . . . ?" he demanded, almost shouting.

"Only in imagination."

Still he wasn't convinced.

"You mean she left before you could do anything, that you let her, knew she was going?"

"Yes."

Perplexity was carved in the lines of his face.

"Because that's the way it's done. Because it's better that way."

"Because it's better that way?" he said, repeating the words dumbly.

"But yes. The men who go there are men of soul. They know that only in the mind can one achieve the heights of love. Compared with the mind, the body is a poor instrument indeed. How many men have bodies that permit them to perform the feats of love they would perform or even claim to have performed? Almost none. So—what better way to possess a woman than in imagination? Compared with what one can do in imagination, actual possession is an anti-climax."

"To bad it had to end that way, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," I answered absently.

I was back at the chateau. And once again the moon came from behind a cloud as if someone had pulled a curtain—to reveal Nina, naked in the moonlight. She had let down her hair and it hung to her waist like a black mane. And again the sight of her nakedness took my breath away.

"Nina," I whispered.

Startled, she turned as if to flee, then turned again, her hands outstretched, beseeching.

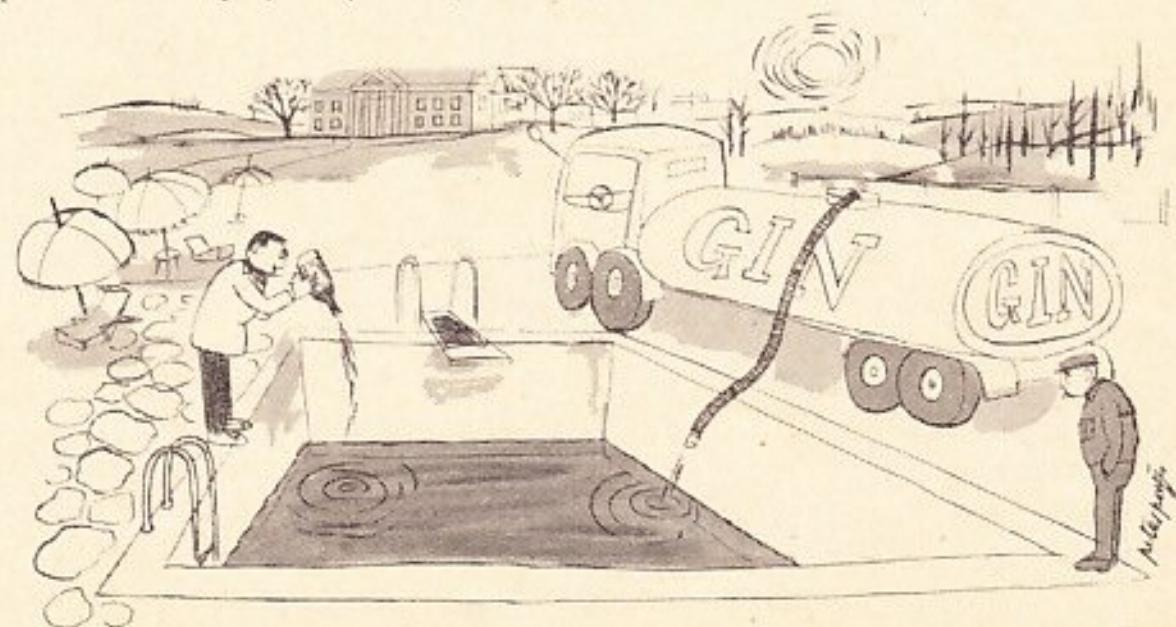
"M'sieu," she said, her voice a caress, "I have come back."

"Come," I whispered breathlessly.

She flung herself at me, kissing my lips, my body, and as she did, her hair slid over me as if alive. I shivered in ecstasy.

Then, I drew her closer to me.

"Yes," I repeated, unsure how long it had been since I had first replied to Hal's question, "it's too bad."



Letter from a father to his son

Fernando Jones settled on the shores of Lake Michigan in 1833. Seventy years later, he addressed the Chicago Historical Society. The Society still treasures a copy of his speech along with another document thoughtfully penned by the hardy pioneer. This one is a poem:



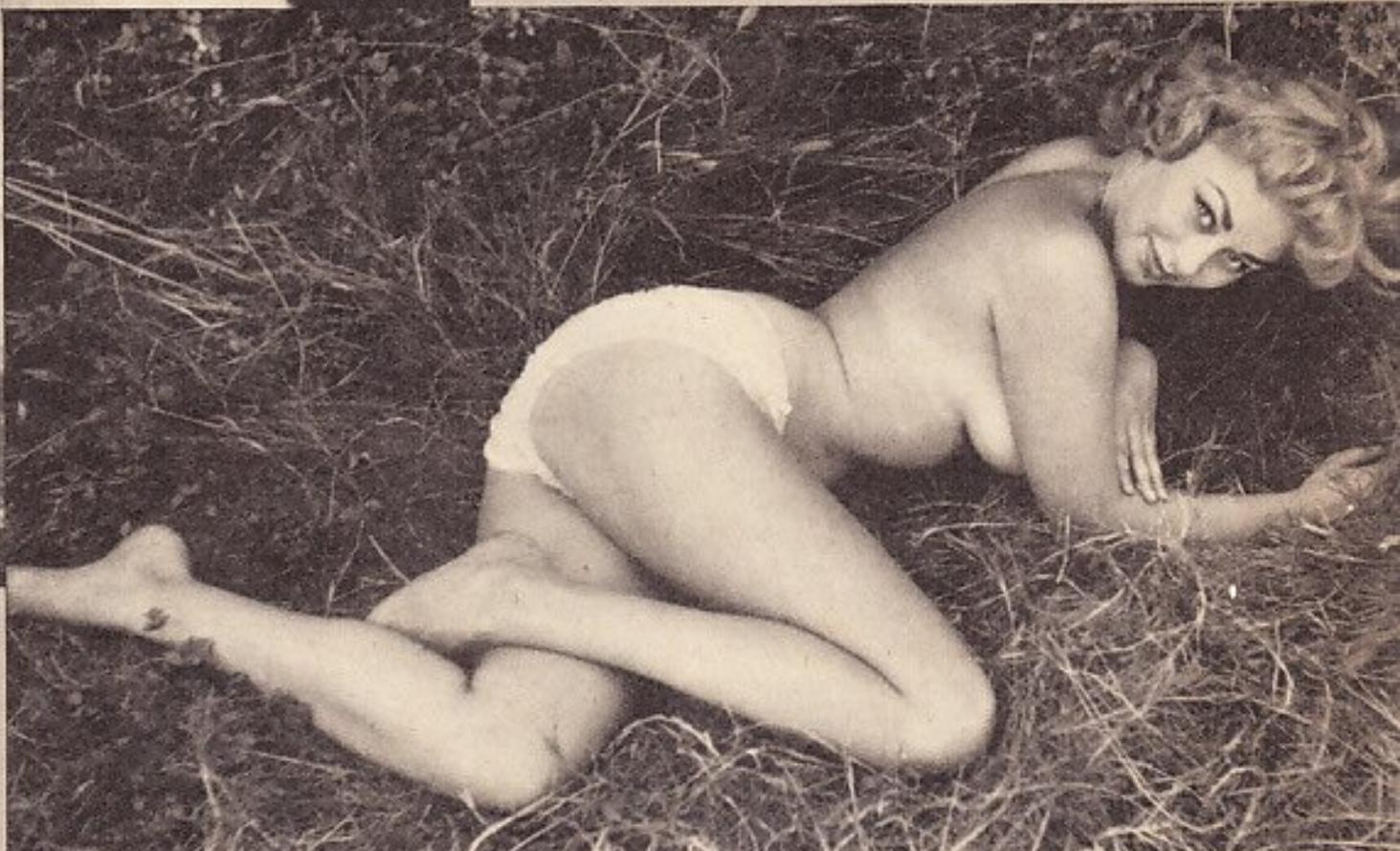
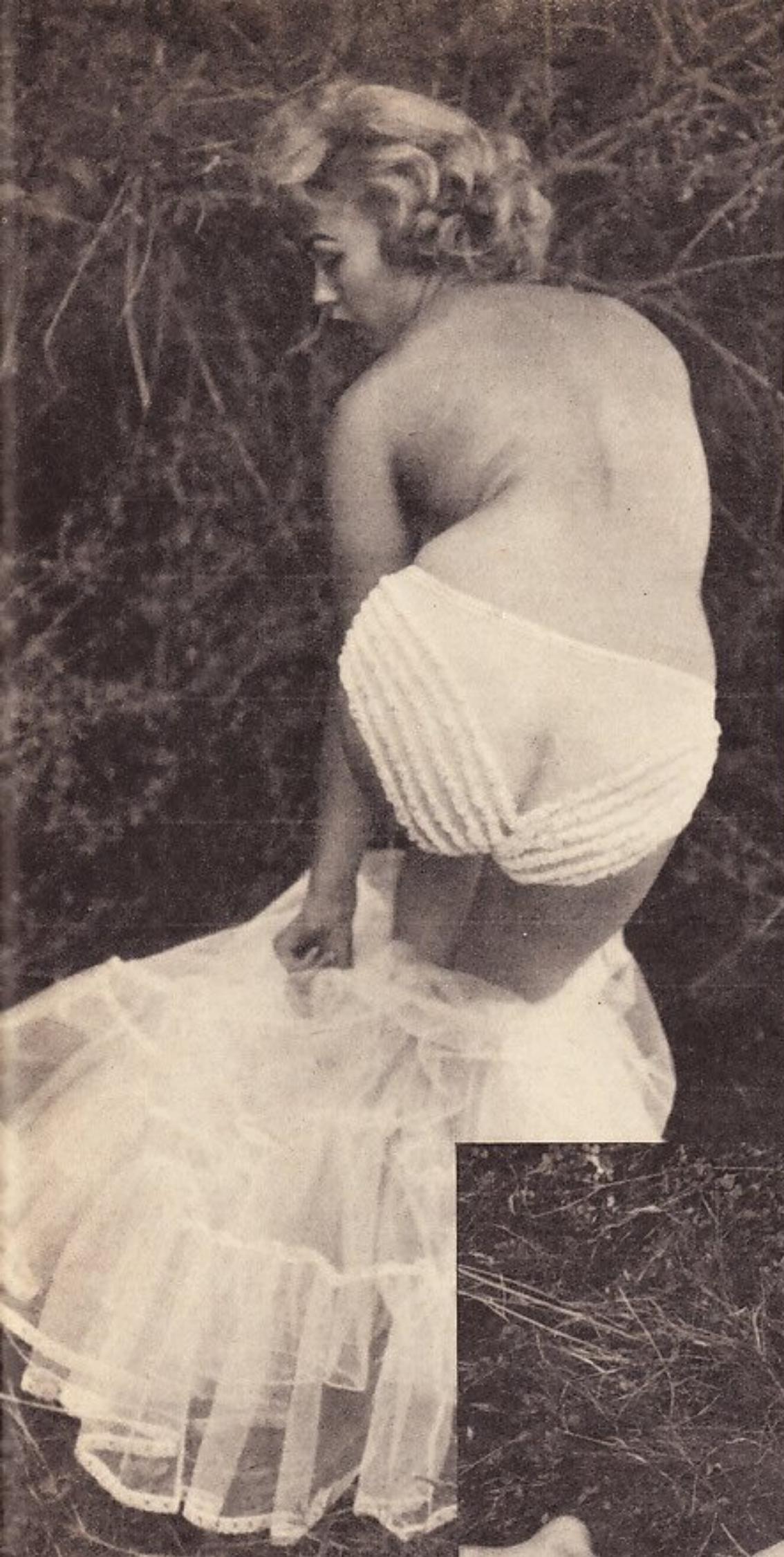
THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

We left the party early
I think 'twas scarcely nine
And by a happy fortune
Her place was next to mine.
Resolved like old Columbus
New regions to explore,
I took a snug position
By the key-hole in my door.

The maiden then disrobing
Revealed her pretty breasts;
Two round snowy hillocks,
All crimsoned at the crest;
And then she gently stroked them
I softly cried, "Encore,"
But oh! she could not hear me
Through the key-hole in the door.

She next unloosed her tresses
Of wavy chestnut hair
Which fell in streaming torrents
Adown her shoulders fair.
Then quickly she rebound them
More firmly than before:
I watched the pretty process
Through the key-hole in the door.

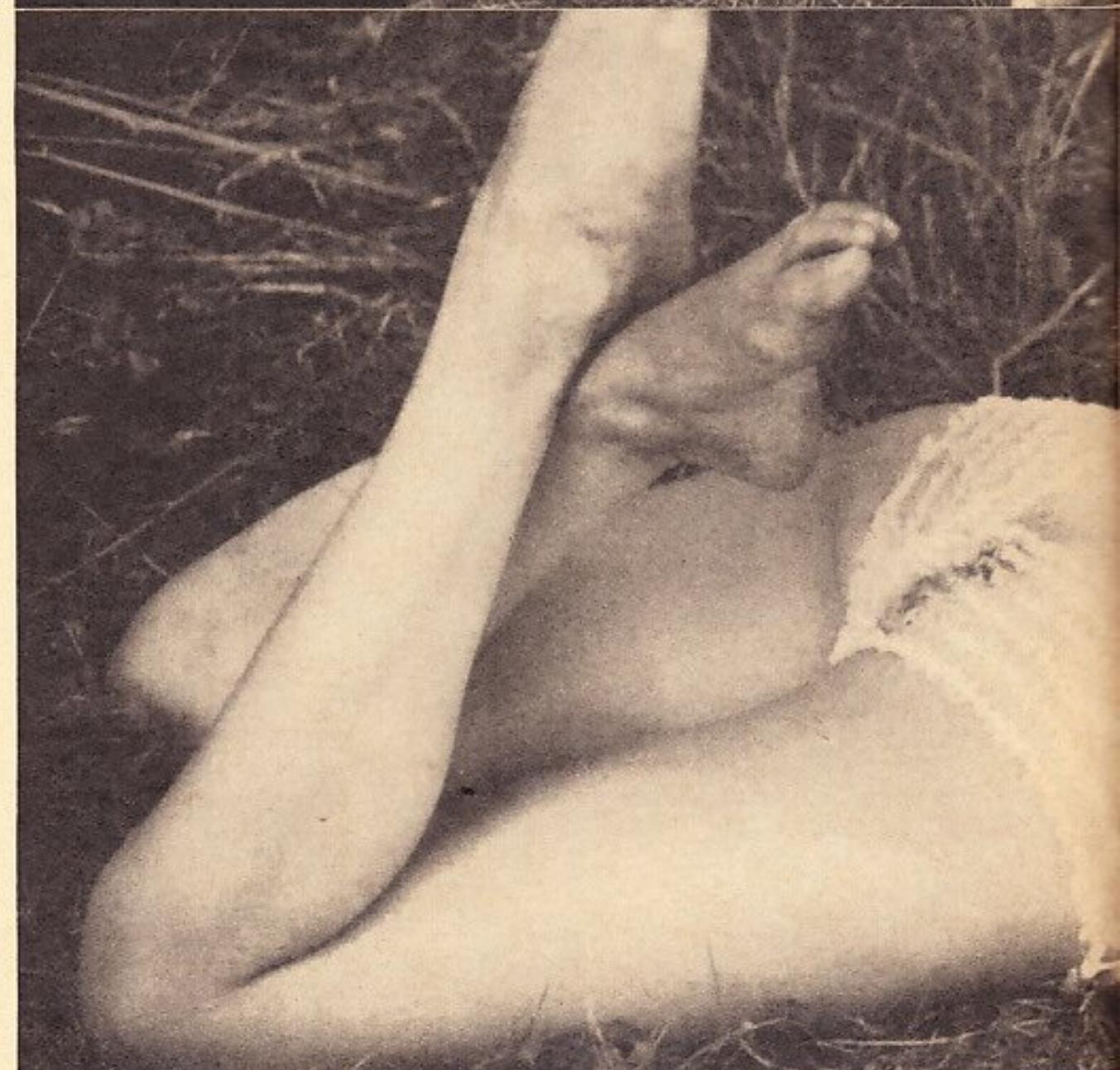
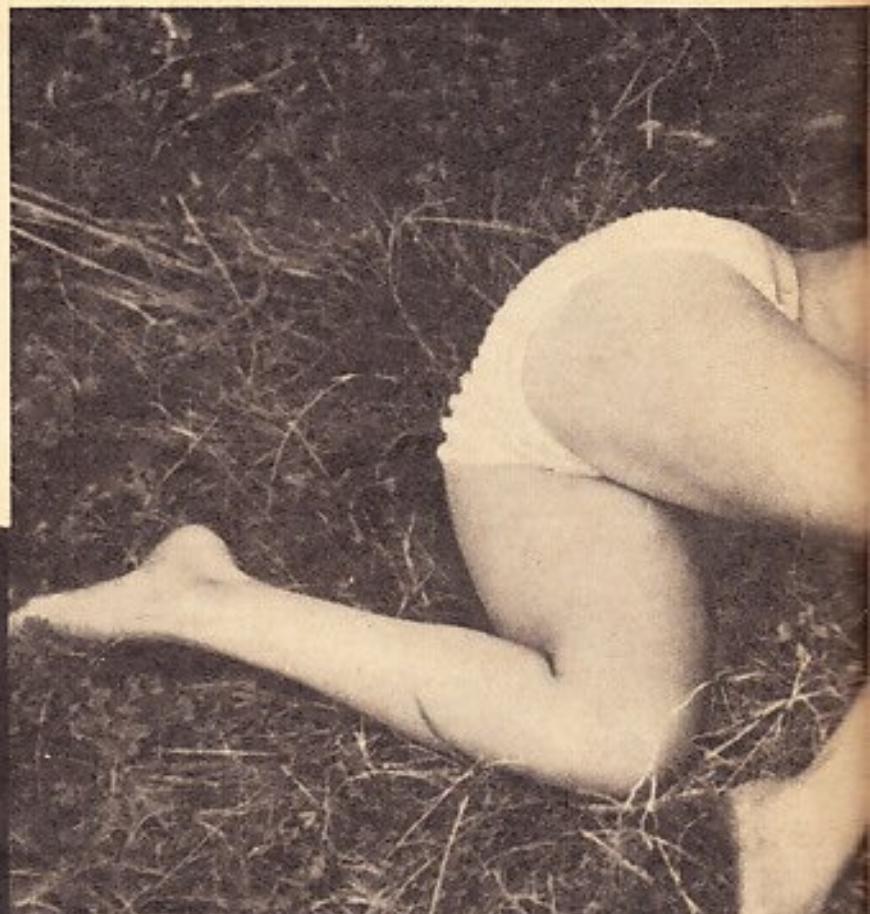




Then down upon the grasses
She sat with graceful ease,
And raised her spotless linen
Above her snowy knees.
A dainty sky-blue garter
On either leg she wore,
Oh! 'twas a glowing picture
Through the key-hole in the door.

Now she the fire approaches,
Her little feet to warm,
And nothing but a chemise
Concealed her lovely form.
Thinks I, take off your chemise,
I'll ask for nothing more,
And, faith, I saw her do it
Through the key-hole in the door.

And next with nimble fingers
She dons her snow-white gown
And on her bed fair Jennie
Prepared to lay her down.
Upon an earthy pillow
She gently lays her head,
The light was then extinguished
And darkness veiled the bed.



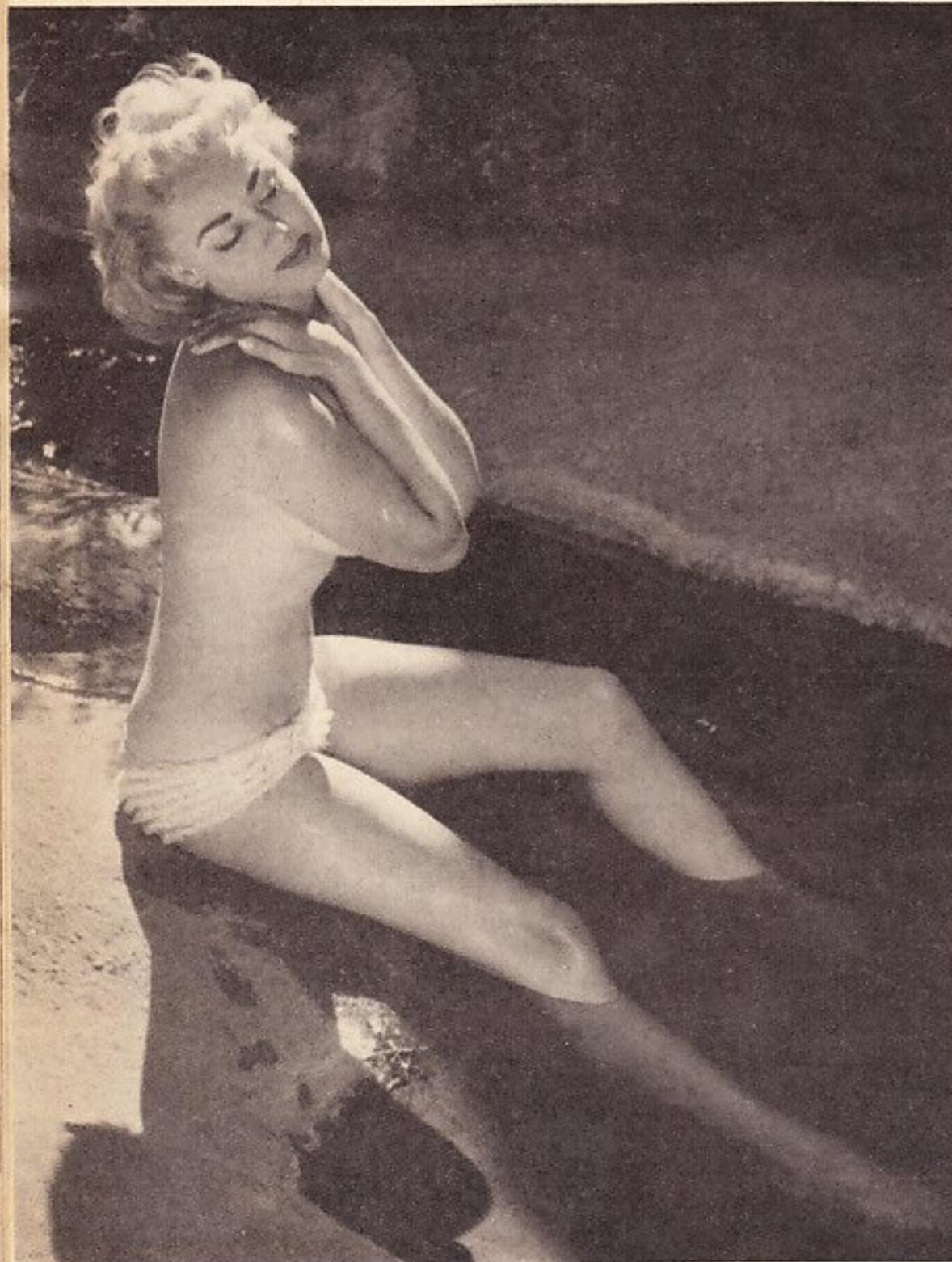
Donald Jordan was born in Glendale, California, eighteen years ago. Having grown up in Miami, Florida, however, she is in reality a new arrival on the Hollywood scene—and determined to become a fixture via a TV or acting career.

The at-present model and would-be actress weighs in at 120 pounds. Bust: a spectacular 41". Waist: a petite 24". Hips: a well-rounded 36".

Photos by Russ Meyer, Globe



Ye dreaming men of science
Who strain your eager eyes
In gazing at the planets
That deck the distant skies,
Nature has greater wonders
Than are dreamed of in your lore,
And a telescope is nothing
To a key-hole in the door.





Boy. This *is* Hell!

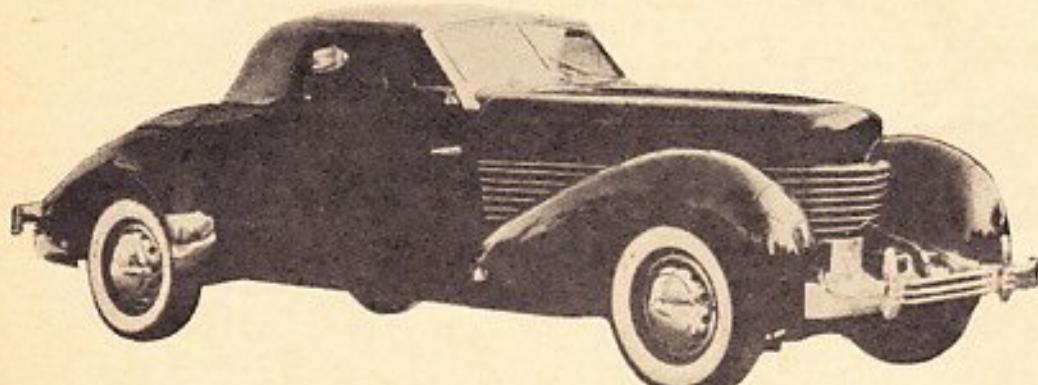






SPORT CARS

by Jon Draco



The great Cord of 1936-37 with 8 cylinder engine, super-charger (to 160 hp) and coffin nose design. Prince Bernhardt received one from his bride, Wilhelmina.



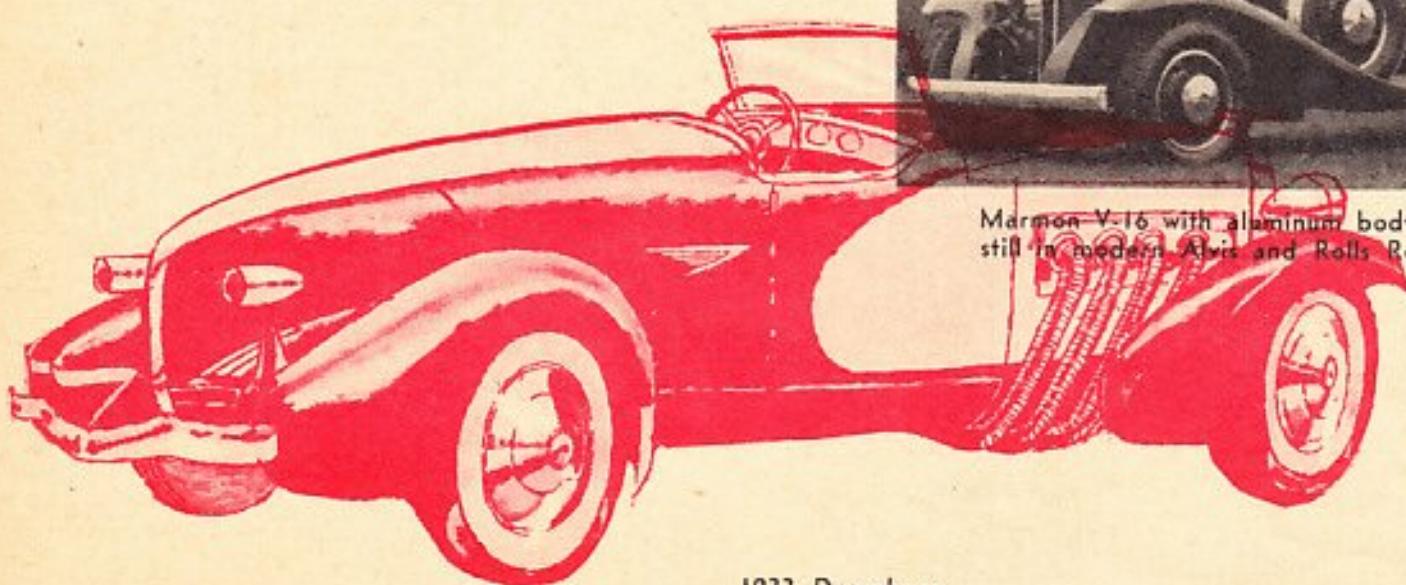
1932 boat-tailed Auburn Speedster, circa 1929-1932. Cost less than \$2,000 and did over 100 mph on roads that would kill modern domestic cars.

WHY DOES a sports car become a classic and live in the minds of men decades after it no longer is built? Despite the many descriptions dreamed up to determine the classic status, it boils down to the fact that a car that reaches this position in men's minds has a *personality*, composed of the look of its lines, the smell of paint, leather, gasoline and oil, and the racket of its exhaust. There is not that much personality in the lowest common denominator of a mass-produced machine.

What man in his right mind would want to drive a Mercer Raceabout? Its 4-cylinder T-head engine has an exhaust the size of a stove pipe and the racket it makes when revving up can be heard for miles. Its windshield is a round sheet of glass fitted in a bracket clamped to the steering column—there is no top, side curtains or other weather protection—and the hand brake, shift lever and gas pedal are outside the car. High-wheeled, stark and functional, without a pound of excess metal, the *Mercer is a man's car*. It takes muscle to turn the steering wheel that requires only one and one-quarter turns lock to lock. Its roadability is better than many cars built today and it corners like a dream with wagon springs front and back, and reluctant-to-relax shock absorbers all around to assure a teeth-jarring ride at lower speeds. Once underway the ride smooths out and a cruising speed of 60 is quite normal. In early races they were

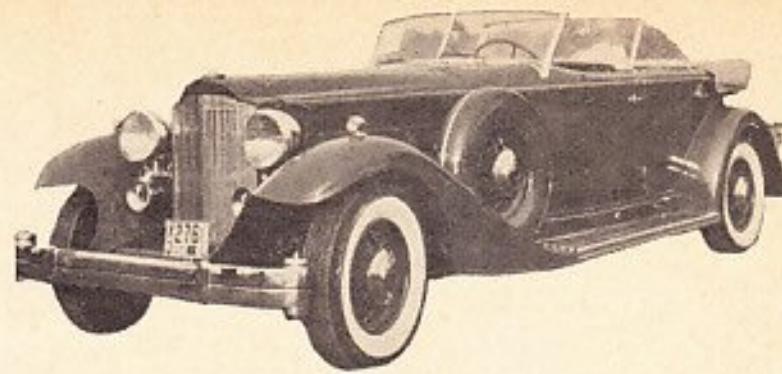


Marmon V-16 with aluminum body of 1933. Classic lines are still in modern Alvis and Rolls Royce.



1933 Dusenberg

Packard Super 8, 1933, which had power brakes (boosters), weighed 5,000 pounds and sped at 100 mph. It had push-button lube, 4-speed gear boxes, 145 hp engine. This is the Phaeton model by Dietrich.



driven at 70 and better, and the late Barney Oldfield drove a modified job that ran 90. From 1910 until 1915 the Mercer Company manufactured about 800 of these cars. With only about 25 known to be in existence, the Raceabouts command fabulous prices in the collector's market. With their superior speed, acceleration and handling, the only antique American sports car that will give a well-restored Mercer a battle is a Stutz Bearcat.

From 1911 to 1915 the two cars fought a fairly even battle on the race tracks of the U.S., but considering that the Mercer has the smaller engine, it has a slight edge. The first Stutz was built in a matter of weeks by Harry Stutz and he drove it in the first Indianapolis race in 1911. Stutz automobiles were built until 1935 and even some of the younger sports car drivers of today can remember seeing the boat-tailed convertibles go bellowing by. The 24-hour race at Le Mans saw Stutz cars run in 1928 through 1930. And this classic car was one of the first to use safety glass and hydraulic brakes. Overhead cams were another innovation used in the Stutz engine, as well as four valves to a cylinder, used in the DV 32 model.

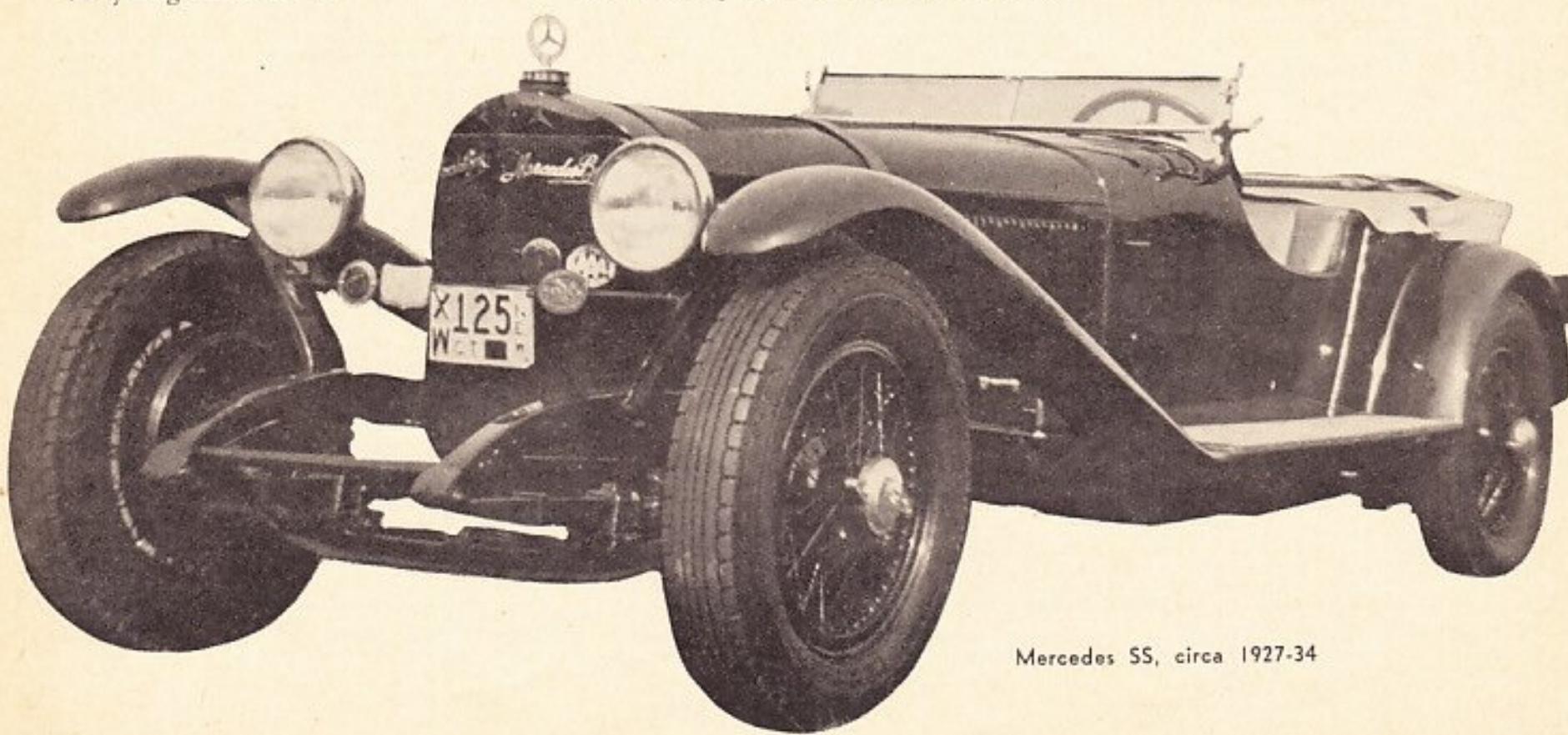
The first Indianapolis race was won by a Marmon, another magnificent example of American Automotive genius. Smooth and powerful, the big V16 is still remembered as one of our finest automobiles. But it was the Marmon "Baby Eight" that the young bucks drove.

Wherever car drivers or collectors get together someone is sure to mention the Duesenberg. Without exception the mighty "D" was the only *really* fast car that combined its speed with unsurpassed quality. When a man was a success in those days—he drove a Duesenberg. No stock automobile kept up with, or passed, a Deusy if the driver didn't want it to. A Duesenberg won the French Grand Prix in 1921. That is the only time an American-built car has ever won that race. And the big "D's" won at Indianapolis in 1924, '25 and '27. In 1920 a specially-built 16-cylinder Duesenberg ran on the beach at Daytona, reaching almost 158 mph. On the desert in 1935, Ab Jenkins ran an SJ Duesenberg for 24 hours, averaging over 135 mph, hitting 160 mph at times on the ten-mile course. The first four-wheel hydraulic brakes on a production U.S. car came out on the Duesenberg. And look at these figures: the supercharged model SJ Duesenberg would go 130 mph, taking only 17 seconds to get to 100. Second gear would let it wind to over 100. High quality material and workmanship ran the cost of the Duesenberg so high—the Duesenberg brothers made no compromise for price—that the car couldn't be sold at a profit, and in 1926 the Auburn-Cord Company bought out the concern.

The unforgettable Auburn Speedsters and the future-styled Cords were products of this company. Even today the coffin-

nosed Cords look futuristic. The Cord was the first real convertible, with rear quarter windows that pivoted down when cranked open. Late-model convertibles feature this as a modern innovation. Cord had it in 1935. When the top is down it disappears completely in a well that has a metal cover. There were, of course, no power-operated tops at that time, and it required some muscle to raise and lower the canvas. A common misconception about the Cord is that it was a failure because it was too advanced for its time, as was the Chrysler Airflow. But, the Airflow was a horrible looking box when it was built and still is. Cords are still beautiful and I've seen them up for sale at prices ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,500. Cord went out of business because it was a luxury car, selling at a high price during depression times. It was inevitable that it would fail, when the depression was coupled with a 6 months delay in production that allowed competition to work over the old stories about front-wheel drive not being practical. And in the rush of getting out the car there were bugs that showed up. They were easily corrected, but an uninformed public does not wait for corrections in its automobiles.

A classic sports car may not have been the fastest, the most comfortable, not the most reliable, but it has the power to make strong men think and talk about it in the same way they do about an old flame. *



Mercedes SS, circa 1927-34



Dr. Johnson on Conjugal Fidelity

By James Boswell,
London, 1791 . . .



Boswell. I mentioned to him a dispute between a friend of mine and his lady, concerning conjugal infidelity, which my friend had maintained was by no means so bad in the husband, as in the wife.

Johnson. "Your friend was in the right, Sir. Between a man and his Maker it is a different question; but between a man and his wife, a husband's infidelity is nothing. They are connected by children, by fortune, by serious considerations of community. Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands. (They detest a mistress but don't mind a whore. My wife told me that I might lye with as many women as I pleased, provided I *loved* her alone.)"

Boswell. "To be sure there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife."

Johnson. "The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards upon his wife."

NOTE: Less than a half dozen copies of Boswell's Johnson contain the remarks in parentheses. In all other copies they have been "suppressed." The implication is that a mistress and a wife would receive divided affection and a man cannot serve two masters, but a whore commands no affection and therefore a man could still "love his wife alone."

Miss Melinda Markey, who we have been informed may be featured in a new motion picture if 15,000 TIGER readers write to Casting Director, RKO Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.



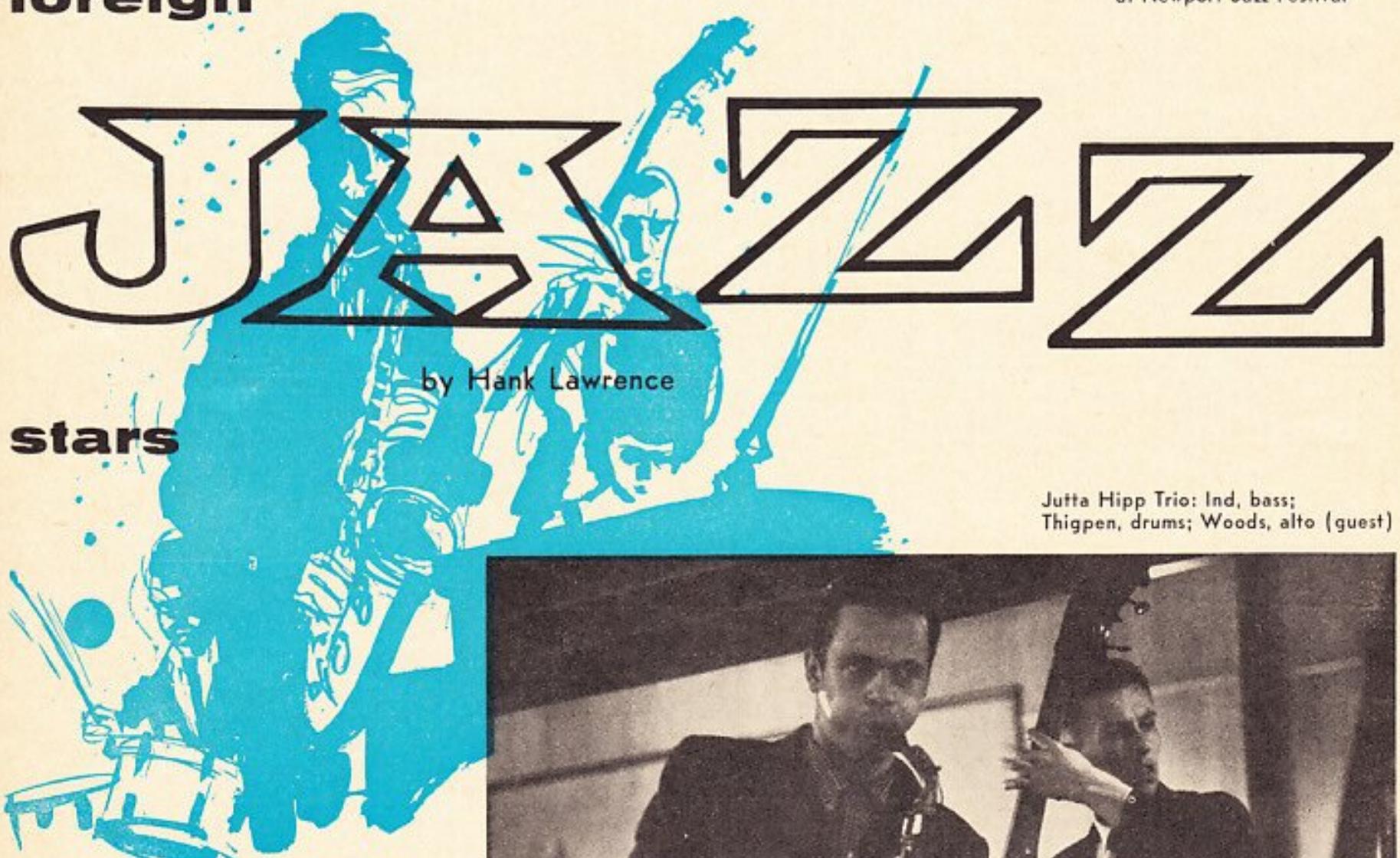
*Who said
Jazz is
American?*



foreign

Jutta Hipp at Newport Jazz Festival

Jean "Toots" Thielmans
at Newport Jazz Festival



stars

Jutta Hipp Trio: Ind, bass;
Thigpen, drums; Woods, alto (guest)



ONE NIGHT a few weeks ago on West 52nd Street, Manhattan, in a barroom that was too big and too bright-lighted, I stared into a staling glass of beer and I listened. While the neglected beer flattened, I shut the light out of my mind and drew the walls in closer and examined the jagged lines of sound that swirled about, all colors, and twisted crazily in a compelling pattern, as the notes strung out of the piano like unreeling twine.

The sounds were those of nuclear, neurotic urban America 1957. This was forward-plunging, jet-propelled, New World jazz, skidding riskily ahead, hell-bent for America 1958, America 1984 and swooping all around my head and that stale glass of beer, filling up the world of America Tonight.

To my left at the bar, two chaps sat and listened too. Musicians, unmistakably. One muttered quietly to the other:

"That broad plays just like a man. Man!"

The other, enraptured, just tightened his glare and kept listening and staring.

Directly ahead of us, on a cluttered stand in the middle of the oval bar, a long-haired girl sat with the whole world at her fingertips, laid out before her across a keyboard. All the things that counted were there. Nothing else mattered.

Then she tied a little knot around the end of her chorus. While her bass man took over for his own little display, the long-haired girl, folded her arms atop the piano and rested her chin on her elbow.

So gentle, so relaxed. With one ear I listened to the bass, the other I reserved to imagine the new variations she was inventing behind those distant eyes of hers.

I'd had a small passion for seeing and hearing this leaping-fingered chick fresh from Leipzig, Germany with the unmelodic name of Jutta (pronounced Yoo-ta) Hipp, ever since I'd read Ernest Bornemann's description of her in the British *Melody Maker*: ". . . a small, pale beautiful girl, with vast, sad eyes and a figure so fragile that you don't believe her capable of the fabulous noise she gets out of the piano. She has the air of a wraith lost in this world of wicked men and incomprehensible doings. . . . She sits at the piano, absolutely unmoving . . . never betraying even by the slightest movement of her shoulders, that her arms and hands are flicking about the keyboard at Tatum speed. . . . Her piano technique ran from a fiercely masculine jump style to rapid, Bud Powellish right-hand patterns."

After the set was over, I got with her at a rear table away from the bar. With some insipid question about "How is jazz different here in America?" I opened our conversation, mostly to feel out how much of a language barrier separated us. Right off, I was thrown. In brittle, feminine tones, she chattered about zis and zat in an easy ripple of words and occasional phrases of simple poetry. "Your vegetables taste like water, I don't like zem. Zey need so many spices to make zem taste right. But ze dzazz, it grows very natural. Only on ze American sidewalk can dzazz really grow."

One night recently, Jutta picked up a German magazine and began to read the jazz column in it.

"It made me get nervous all over again — just like when I first arrived here and met all zese musicians. I got so nervous. Zat magazine was so phoney, so square. Zey know nussing. I knew nussing really until I came here a few monse ago and heard your musicians play in zeir own country, in zeir own life. In Germany, zey sink zey can create a real German dzazz. Zey can't. It's here and only here. I sink I will commit suicide before I put my foot on a boat again." Then she lightly laughed.

"When I heard Lester Young in Europe, I sought his music was dead. But now I hear him here and I understand it. He is too much. Once you live in America, you dig what he says."

"What does this music describe about America?" I asked.

"I am not a headshrinker, I don't know."

What's a headshrinker?

Pause. "Don't you know? Like Sigmund Freud, it's a psychiatrist. I learned zat word here. I sought zat's what you all say."

[continued on next page]

Toshiko Akiyoshi at Newport Jazz Festival



Toshiko Akiyoshi and fellow students at Berklee School



And so in a few minutes with this tense and delicate *fraulein* of the keyboard, I had acquired a new term to add to my glossary of dzazz idioms but also a new perspective on what this thing she calls dzazz is all about. That it's the great American music and the indigenous American art and all that—I've heard that three-and-a-half jillion times, and after the first million you stop listening. But it's something else again when a remarkable exponent of the art, such as Jutta Hipp, says she never really dug what it was all about until she leaped the waters and got herself into the swim here, bathing in the crazy pace of American life—that each, the music and the way of life, explains the other. This is a statement to be made only by the observer with the distant view.

And it's a statement worded in different ways and with different accents by a parade of new jazz stars who have in common one chief quality: they're foreigners who have mastered an American art form and now are streaming into this country with the twin result of being bowled over by our native players and at the same time bowling over some of our most sophisticated and hardened audiences. They're not novelties or freaks. They're good. What used to be an imbalance of cultural trade is now shifting around. We're starting to import the very jazz which we used to export.

Here's a rundown of some of the tasty imports which have sweetened and spiced the recent season of jazz:

FRIEDRICH GULDA

Here's a serious and studious young Austrian who stands off from the others because when he burst upon the jazz world a few months ago, it was not just the explosion of a new star upon the piano. It was an explosion of surprise

followed by a smoky cloud of horror arising from classical ivory towers. Gulda, young as he is, has been accepted as one of the most distinguished piano specialists in the music of Beethoven, a field which young'uns are advised to skirt because it is profoundly mature music for profoundly mature hands. When Gulda switched locations from Carnegie Hall to another piano bench a few blocks southward at Birdland, the classicists hollered "Traitor!" and the jazzophiles scoffed, "Dilettante!" Last September, after his Birdland audiences had already been calmed into a quiet respect, Gulda participated in *Down Beat* magazine's famed Blindfold Test—listening to a group of jazz records on which he was given no information. His tape-recorded comments revealed a keenly sharpened ear for the subtleties of jazz and a most sensitive and thoughtful taste.

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

When Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic toured Japan last year, Oscar Peterson wandered one night into a little club in Toyko's Ginza section, where all the little clubs and bars are. Early next morning he came back raving about a piano-playing chick named Toshiko. For three years, Toshiko, leading a nine-piece modern outfit, had had an obscure little time pocket weekly on radio and TV. But only when word got around that Norman Granz was interested in her did she suddenly become mobbed by execs from Japanese record companies. Her hunger, however, was not yet for glory but for knowledge. She'd already learned what anybody in Japan could teach and that left just one place to go: The States. After months of correspondence with Lawrence Berk, a renowned Boston teacher, she packed up

and came to his Berklee School last January. She handles herself adequately with the language but her first move in Boston was to curl up with Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and read clear through it just to learn the terminology of jazz. Says Berk, "Until now, we have had no Oriental influence in jazz. I sincerely feel that she's it. She is just alive with musical imagination."

Boston's Storyville, too, was alive with delight when Toshiko sat in just a few hours after she arrived in the city and later the high-flown Newport Jazz Festival was captivated by her.

BERNARD PEIFFER

Patrons at the Embers in New York had their ears pinned back about a year ago by a pianist with excited eyes, a long droopy blond mustache and, for a strong Gallic flourish, an ascot around his neck. A few times during those early days on the job, Bernard Peiffer almost got back on the boat, which would have been France's gain and America's loss. First, after an arrival in America four days before Christmas, he lolled around not permitted to twitch a finger for an audience because the musician's union required a six-month wait before he could become a dues-payer. Finally, after three months, Peiffer's manager, Vivian Bailey, persuaded the union board to waive the rule and abbreviate the suspense.

In a few days, Bernard, who has come to be billed as "Le Most", was employed at the Embers, but he became even more demoralized. His knowledge of English was most elementary, New York's honking chaos of automobiles terrorized him, American listeners talked more than they listened, he couldn't find an apartment, and he wasn't getting along nohow with the attraction opposite him on the bill, Dorothy Donegan.

But soon, life began to shape up better. George Shearing's group replaced Miss Donegan. Bernard and George liked each other immediately—and Jean Thielemans, Shearing's guitarist, talked French. Soon after, Bernard displayed his style fantastique and his technique extraordinaire before his biggest American audience at the Charlie Parker Memorial Concert in Carnegie Hall and knocked the people out. American Jazz had imported another bright influence and another star.

RITA REYS

A 5-foot, 6-inch blonde from Amsterdam has set a match to the lyrics of up-tempo American tunes and is starting to blaze some new directions in jazz singing. She's Rita Reys (pronounced rice), who hardly ever sings in her native tongue. "On TV, on my records and radio programs in Europe, I always sing in English. I can't sing in Dutch. It's a terrible language. You see, I was brought up in Rotterdam, and I speak their horrible dialect, a sort of sing-song. I studied English in school, but mostly I learned by listening to American records." Sometimes, when she played a commercial spot back home, she did a pop thing in Dutch. "You haven't heard *Sixteen Tons* until you've heard it in Dutch. Especially in

[concluded on page 64]



Friedrich Gulda at Newport Jazz Festival

JAZZ POLL RESULTS

next issue



"Professor, there's a businessman from Las Vegas to see you."

His name was Colt and he claimed to have invented a pistol . . . but the \$30,000 he paid to the unknown gunsmith branded this claim a lie!

John Pearson

COLT REVOYER

by Baron F. K. E. von Oppen

THE MAN WHO invented the Colt revolver was *not* named Colt. Yet the unsung genius who shaped Sam Colt's scatterbrained ideas in unyielding steel, and made that steel yield to his demands, has remained nameless. History does not point him out. Lists of gunmakers omit him. Despite the fact that his contribution to the career of Colt was a major one, he did not work with Colt for much more than two years.

Why has history bypassed John Pearson, the Baltimore gunsmith?

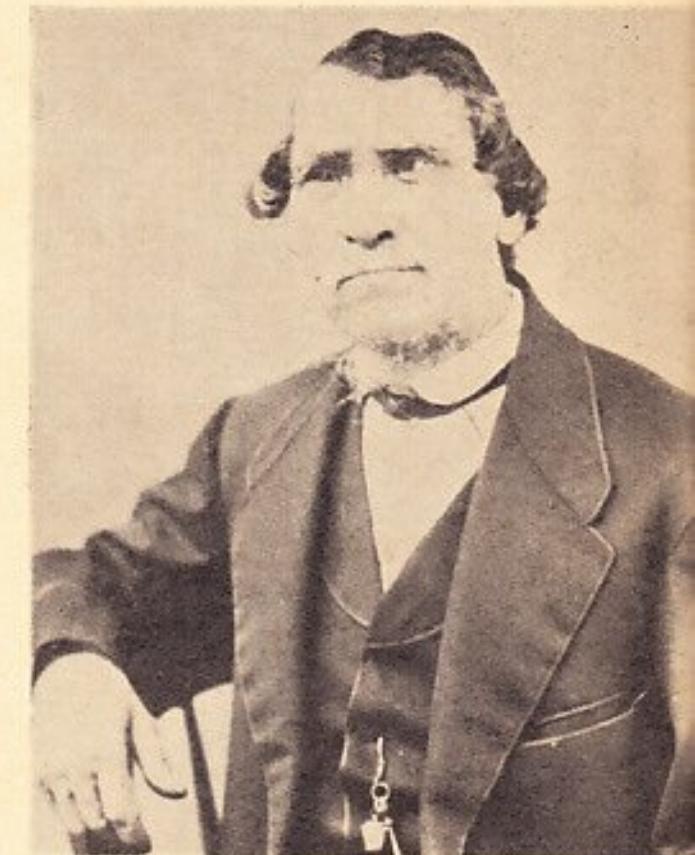
Possibly it is because he lived up to a bargain. His bargain: not to say what he knew of the work leading to the development of Colt's revolver. The price of his silence was \$30,000 cash.

History substantiates that Sam Colt first became interested in a repeating gun in 1830. He has sailed as a midshipman aboard a brig, the *Corvo*, bound for Cal-

cutta from Boston. When at the age of 16 he returned to Hartford in the spring of 1831, he was fired with enthusiasm. He had carved a model of a repeating pistol out of wood, while aboard ship. The idea was there, but it needed mechanical skill to make it practical. This skill was lacking in Colt.

Sam was first, last and always a showman. As a child he had combined scientific curiosity (making gunpowder) with showmanship (by putting on a display, exploding a raft on a mill pond with a bomb.) When he had the idea of a revolving chambered breech firearm, a repeating gun, he wanted to get someone else to make the models.

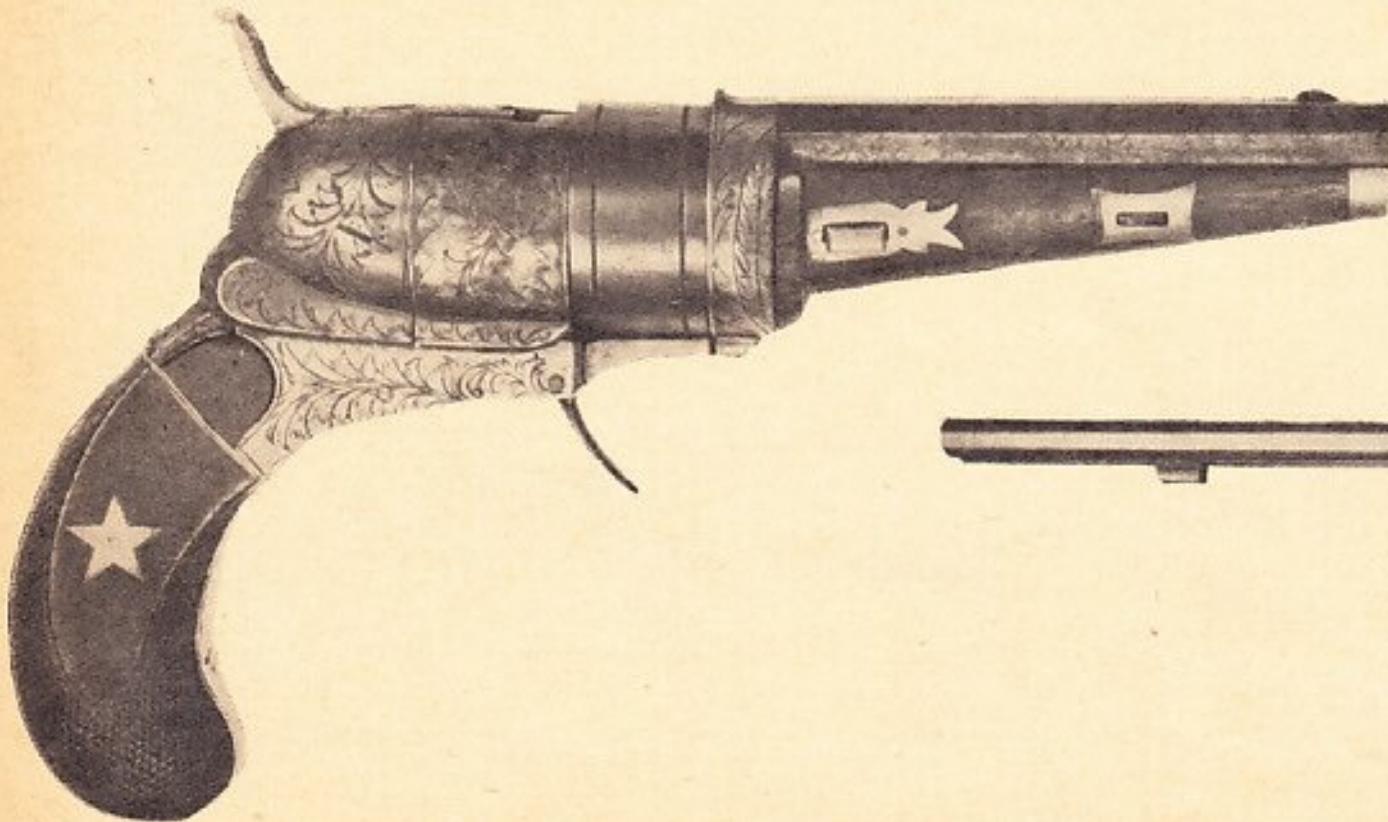
Combining showmanship with scientific curiosity, Sam set up a traveling medicine show. With portable equipment in a hand push cart, he toured the New England states giving demonstrations of the effects



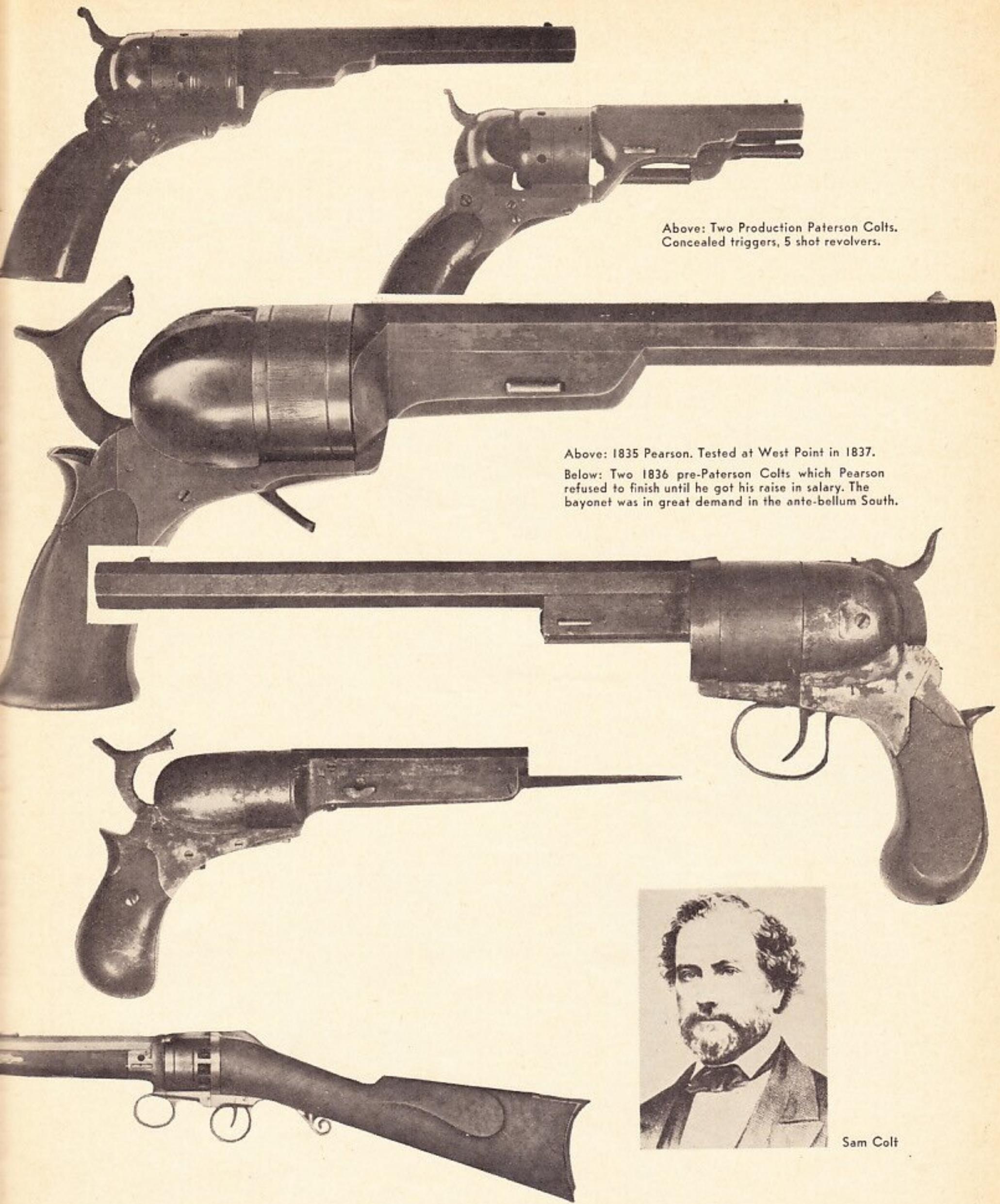
of laughing gas to audience participants. At 25c or 50c a head, he could have made a good living as a showman. Instead, he sunk nearly every cent of his income over the years 1832-1836, into the gun project.

Mechanics in Hartford, Albany, and New York made experimental guns for Sam. It is possible that he sold a few of these experimental guns. However, only four or six pistols and two or three rifles were made during the years 1831 to 1834. Then he met John Pearson, on a trip to

[continued on page 62]



At Left: One of a pair of promotion models used to solicit stockholders. 6 shot; .31 caliber
Below: Early Paterson, altered from a Pearson model. About 1836



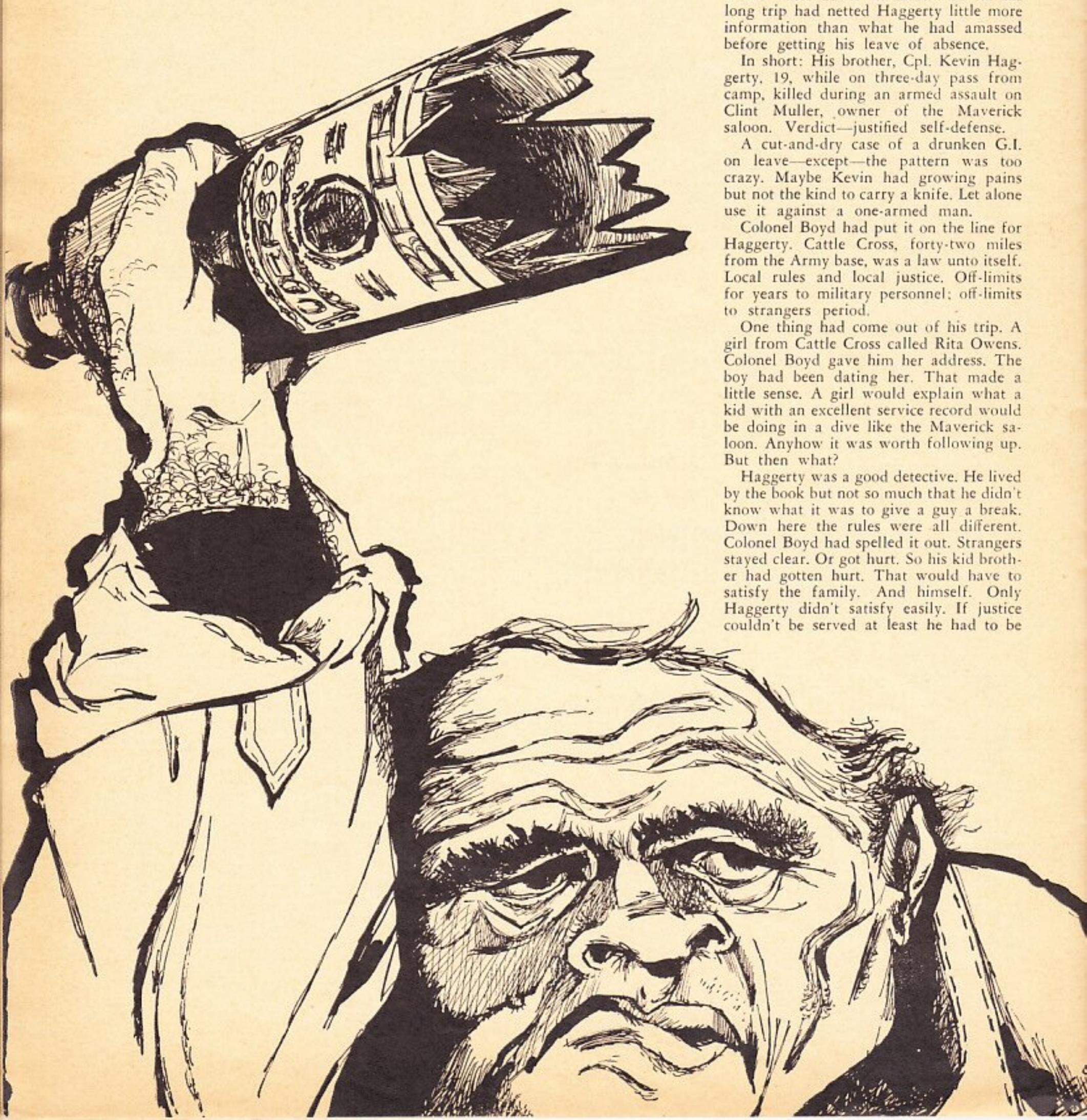
Above: Two Production Paterson Colts.
Concealed triggers, 5 shot revolvers.

Above: 1835 Pearson. Tested at West Point in 1837.

Below: Two 1836 pre-Paterson Colts which Pearson refused to finish until he got his raise in salary. The bayonet was in great demand in the ante-bellum South.

Sam Colt

The bastard came at me with the broken bottle raised high. But he left himself open at one spot . . . and it was there that I drove my knee up . . . hard!



JOHN "RED" HAGGERTY eased his big frame on the edge of the dry-rotted hotel bed and wiped some of the hot Southwest dust from his brow.

Moodily the New York detective watched the rust run from the basin tap that he had opened, then strode over and used his hands to shovel some of the luke-warm water down his throat. So far his long trip had netted Haggerty little more information than what he had amassed before getting his leave of absence.

In short: His brother, Cpl. Kevin Haggerty, 19, while on three-day pass from camp, killed during an armed assault on Clint Muller, owner of the Maverick saloon. Verdict—justified self-defense.

A cut-and-dry case of a drunken G.I. on leave—except—the pattern was too crazy. Maybe Kevin had growing pains but not the kind to carry a knife. Let alone use it against a one-armed man.

Colonel Boyd had put it on the line for Haggerty. Cattle Cross, forty-two miles from the Army base, was a law unto itself. Local rules and local justice. Off-limits for years to military personnel; off-limits to strangers period.

One thing had come out of his trip. A girl from Cattle Cross called Rita Owens. Colonel Boyd gave him her address. The boy had been dating her. That made a little sense. A girl would explain what a kid with an excellent service record would be doing in a dive like the Maverick saloon. Anyhow it was worth following up. But then what?

Haggerty was a good detective. He lived by the book but not so much that he didn't know what it was to give a guy a break. Down here the rules were all different. Colonel Boyd had spelled it out. Strangers stayed clear. Or got hurt. So his kid brother had gotten hurt. That would have to satisfy the family. And himself. Only Haggerty didn't satisfy easily. If justice couldn't be served at least he had to be

shown that Kevin had died a victim of a lawless community and not as a young punk killed in an assault against a harmless citizen.

And this Clint Muller? How could a one-armed man so brutally beat up a healthy young soldier that the injuries proved fatal? Haggerty sighed and took a fresh shirt from his suitcase. Well maybe the girl could give him the answers he wanted.

The weasel-faced hotel clerk watched close-mouthed as he left. Haggerty knew that ten minutes after he checked in, the town had been alerted to the stranger in their midst.

THE GIRL who opened the door couldn't have been more than sixteen. She wore a faded cotton robe and nothing else. The way nature had put her together you couldn't miss seeing that. The detective sized her up quickly. Young, and remarkably good looking. And plenty experienced. The kind of a girl that could easily hoodwink a kid like Kevin. He pushed his way in without waiting for an invitation.

"Rita Owens?"

The girl looked at him warily. "Ye-es." She had a thick drawl that went with her fair complexion. "What do you want?"

He removed his hat. "I'm a family friend of Kevin Haggerty. From New York. I understand you were with him the night he was killed."

The girl looked up at him in fright. "I don't know what you're talking about. I-I—"she fumbled nervously with the belt of her robe. It accentuated the firm breasts beneath it.

Haggerty decided to go a little easier. "Mind if I sit down, miss? I've come a long way."

She hesitated for a moment then numbly waved to a chair. Haggerty softened his voice. "You must excuse me for barg-

ing in like this. Kevin's death was a great shock to his family. I mean the drinking and brawling. I was hoping you could tell me a few things about that night that might be consoling to his folks." He anticipated her question. "Kevin wrote home about you, Miss Owens. We heard a lot of nice things about you from the boy."

The suspicion melted from the girl's eyes and she sat down uneasily next to the detective. "Did Kevin really write home about me?"

"Twice," the detective lied. "He seemed to be stuck on you. Can't say that I blamed him."

The girl suddenly became aware of her loose robe and drew it closer to her. It only helped to outline her figure more clearly. "Kevin was a good boy, mister," she said. "Not like the other soldiers if you know what I mean."

She wet her lips with her tongue. "I shouldn't be saying this mister, but I guess his family would want to hear it. Kevin wasn't drunk that night. He never took but a couple of beers in all the time I knew him. And he didn't start the fight. Clint Muller did. He made Kevin fight. Clint hates people."

The detective leaned forward. "But how could a one-armed man beat a healthy kid to death?"

"Mister you ain't never seen Clint Muller."

"What about the knife? The report said Kevin had a knife."

The girl shook her head. "Kevin had no knife, mister. I wished he had. Or a gun!"

"Then the chief witness lied?"

The girl laughed bitterly. "That was Wes Davis. He's Clint's brother-in-law."

The detective's face set. The picture was clearing up rapidly. "There were other people in the bar," he pointed out. "Couldn't someone stop it?"

"Mister, nobody'd stop Clint from beating up a stranger, even if they could." She began to weep. "It's my fault. I should have known it might happen." She turned her tear-streaked face to his. "But honest, I only brought Kevin in for one beer to sort of show him off. I was real proud of him." She put a hand to her eyes. "But Clint, he deliberately gave Kevin the wrong change. He's always spoiling to hurt somebody. I told Kevin to come with me, honest I did, mister. And he was going. But Clint grabbed him with that arm of his. Then he started using his leg. It was awful. I tried to stop it but Clint knocked me away. Wes Davis he just stood there watching and laughing."

Haggerty clenched his big fists. One lousy beer, he thought. A cheap prostitute, and a good kid had to have the life beaten out of him. "So all the local bar-flies just sat there and—" He stopped short as the girl suddenly stared behind him in terror.

"—and what, stranger?" a menacing voice asked.

Haggerty turned. A slim man in a stetson leaned lazily against the open door. The man asked again. "And what, stranger?" The lean hand reached into his levis and came out with a shiny pocket knife.

The detective eyed the knife grimly. "You Wes Davis?" he asked quietly.

The slim man nodded. "And you're the stranger from Noo Yawk that's been asking a lot of fool questions and is leaving here pronto." He rubbed a thumb on the knife handle.

Haggerty controlled the rage in him. If he got himself sliced up it would just be another case of a stranger causing trouble. He pushed back his chair and got up. He'd gotten what he had come for. Then he remembered the girl. She'd been an instrument in Kevin's death but his hate was centered elsewhere. "Sorry, Miss Owens, you couldn't be of more help," he

[continued on next page]

SATURDAY NIGHT AT CATTLE CROSS

by Sidney Field



SATURDAY NIGHT

[continued from page 47]

said evenly. She looked at him gratefully.

The slim man smugly stepped aside to let him pass. "I ain't expecting to see you again," he said ominously.

Haggerty looked at him contemptuously. The last punk to pull a knife on him had landed in a hospital with a broken head. He nodded briefly to the girl then walked pensively out of the shack. The knife in Wes Davis' hand had settled one thing for him. It was new. A stiletto-type with a switch-blade mechanism. It didn't take any genius to figure out who had planted a similar weapon next to the body of Kevin.

THE THREE streets that were Cattle Cross had filled up since the sun had gone down. It was Saturday night. Just like that other Saturday night when Kevin had come here. But to the inhabitants of this grimy little hole one week was the same as the next. The clock had stopped a hundred years ago in Cattle Cross.

The Maverick saloon was situated between a small general-store and a livery stable. It could have been mistaken for the setting of a grade-B Western with the

smell thrown in free. He paused for a moment in front of the dirty window looking in at the saloon that was almost filled with the local hot shots. The words came back to him. "Mister, nobody'd stop Clint from beating up a stranger, even if they could." He took a deep breath and pushed in the swinging door.

The talking stopped almost on cue as he threaded his way over to the bar. It almost seemed funny not coming in with a six-shooter strapped to his waist. Like a cowboy hero. But it wasn't funny. This was for real. A lone stranger looking for a killer in a hostile town.

A little man in a sweaty apron greeted him open-mouthed from behind the bar. The detective watched the hungry faces in back of him through the bar mirror as he ordered a whiskey. He knew they were licking their chops over the prospect of another Saturday night show. Like the one that had killed Kevin.

The Maverick bartender hesitated, then silently reached for a bottle from the shelf. The large wooden fan hanging from the ceiling seemed to be roaring now.

"That's okay, shorty, I'll serve the man."

Haggerty turned toward the booming voice and saw a colossus slowly rise from a card-table situated in the rear. This was

the largest man he had ever seen. Haggerty was big, as most New York detectives are. But this man though a half-head shorter, was freakish in his width. He completely filled the space behind the bar as he approached Haggerty. An empty sleeve hung from his left side. The arm that reached for the whiskey bottle was as massive as a young oak tree.

The giant pulled the cork out with his teeth and poured Haggerty a drink. Then he poured one for himself. All eyes waited as the two men downed their drinks. The whiskey burned like molten lava. Now Haggerty could see how little a chance Kevin had had against a monster like this. The bullet-head rested almost neckless on the tremendous shoulders. The arm was as wide as the average man's two. As a patrolman pounding a beat, and later as a plainclothesman, Haggerty had mixed it up with plenty of would-be tough guys and prided himself that he had never used a billy. But this man opposite him was a nightmare of strength.

"You the stranger going around asking questions about that soldier boy?"

Haggerty wiped a damp palm on his trousers. "I'm the guy."

The huge shoulders tensed. "Ah thought Wes told you to get out of town?"

"Looks like I didn't."

"And that wasn't smart, stranger," Haggerty froze at the familiar voice. Once again the cat-like Davis had sneaked up behind him. This time he had the open knife in his hand. The lean man's eyes danced meanly as he measured the detective. "That was plumb stupid, stranger," he hissed softly. "Lemme show you how stupid." He came closer the blade extended before him. Haggerty watched thin-lipped as the gap between them narrowed. Someone in back of him snickered. Then Haggerty moved!

With one motion he grabbed the whiskey bottle and smashed it viciously across the lean man's skull. Blood spurted from the torn scalp as Wes Davis dropped to the floor. Then Haggerty dropped the broken handle and turned to the bar again.

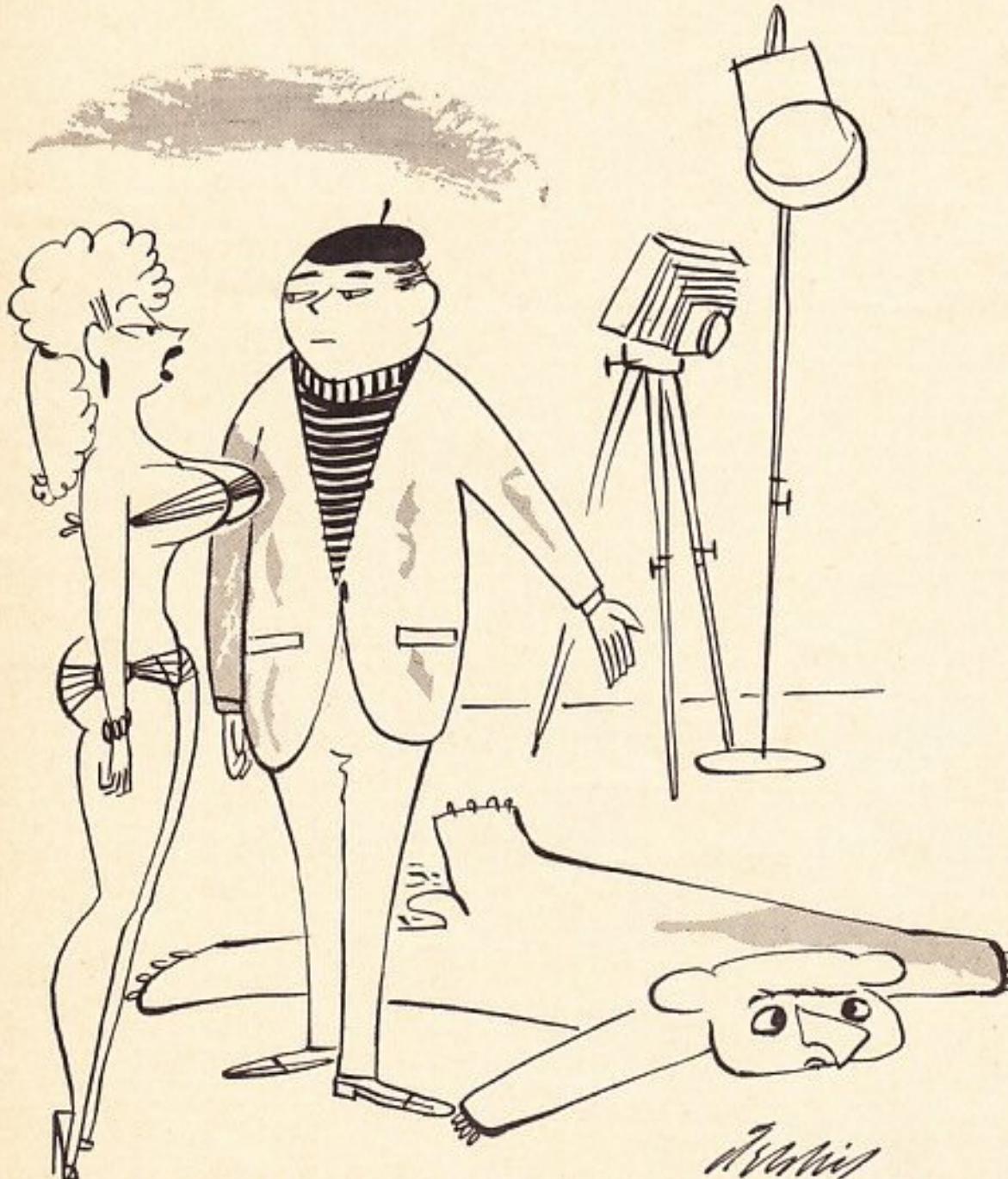
No one had risen to interfere when Davis had pulled the knife. No one interfered because of the blow. They sat like a pack of jackals waiting for the anticipated slaughter.

Clint Muller's eyes narrowed for a second as he studied the detective. A crooked smile appeared on his face. Slowly he came around from behind the bar. The local dead-beats scrambled before their goliath to vantage points against the wall. Almost good-humoredly the giant picked up an overturned chair that was in his path and hurled it away from him.

Haggerty watched him grimly. Well big-boy you looked great beating up a kid. Lets see what you do against a man.

Suddenly Muller charged and Haggerty smashed a right into the open mouth before being crushed against the bar by the impact of the rush. The punch ripped open the thick lips but didn't halt the monster's progress.

The huge arm grabbed Haggerty's shirt
[continued on page 64]



"Are you kidding? I haven't been able to lie on my stomach since I was 13 years old."



RAWHIDE GAZETTE

ARIZONA

I JUST
GOT LAID!



Now I'm Ready
For A Hot Mineral
Bath and Massage

BUCKHORN MINERAL BATHS

7 MILES EAST OF MESA

HEARD ABOUT OUR
GOOD FOOD?

SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL
GET WIND OF OUR BEANS!

OUR WAITRESSES HAVE THE
BIGGEST TIPS IN TOWN.

MARQUEE
DRIVE INN
216 E. MAIN

HAVE A COLD?

We Can Fix That!

Use Ex-Lax

IT WON'T CURE
YOU BUT YOU'LL
BE AFRAID TO COUGH

Sherwood Pharmacy
1153 EAST MAIN



We Have Rectal
Thermometers.
You know what
you can do with
them.

DESHLER'S

Pharmacy

16 N. HIBBERT MESA

IN WHISKEY
IT'S AGE...
IN CIGARETTES
IT'S TASTE...
IN A RUMBLE
SEAT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



Woudenberg Pontiac
766 WEST MAIN

Variety Is The
Spice Of Life
And We Have It!

INCLUDING

That New Parlor Game
"Button, Button,
Here Come The Folks"!

SPROUSE-REITZ

117 WEST MAIN

Madison Avenue

Most newspaper advertising is as eye-catching and idea-provoking as a worn-out brassiere on a middle-aged woman. How come is because newspaper ad men are, apparently, sad men who blow through life wishing they weren't. Day in and out, year in and out, millennium in and out—nothing, man. Like nothing, you know?

Except in Mesa, Arizona, where, one issue a year, the hucksters let down their mats and copy and really blow, man. Like blow, you know?

So here's a couple of the *Gazette's* ads for your peeps. Corn? Hell yes. But wouldn't it be real fine to hear the bell in the A. and M., slide out, stumble out on the pad's stoop, pick up the daily and scan this kind of huckstering with your ham and?

TIGER'S DEN



The teacher called on each of the students to go to the black board and draw something that would cause confusion.

The teacher walked over to little Johnny and asked what he had drawn, and Johnny replied, "That's a period." Of course the teacher asked how a period would cause confusion.

Johnny replied, "Well, my sister hasn't had one in three months, and if you want to see confusion just come to my house."

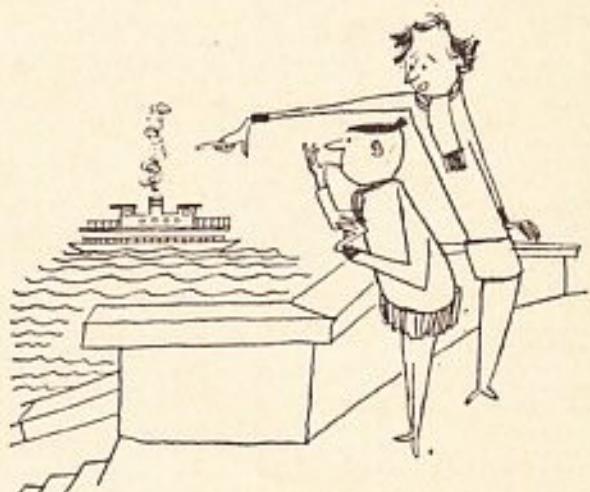
Al Kaufman

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding out West when all of a sudden they saw five thousand Indians in front of them. They turned around to ride back and there was another five thousand. They turned to their right; the same thing. And to the left, the same thing. The Lone Ranger hastily inquired, "What shall we do, Tonto?" And Tonto turned to him and calmly replied, "What do you mean we, white man?"

Michael Stankowitz

One afternoon two little playboys were standing on a bridge watching a small boat carry groups of people from the mainland to a small island and back again. Finally after having watched this entire procedure four different times, one little playboy inquired of his companion as to just what kind of a boat it was that they had been watching. His friend replied, "Why, man, that's a ferry boat." To this the other remarked, in a somewhat awestricken voice, "Gee, I knew we were organized, but hell, I didn't know we had a navy."

Gunnard Nelson



A young girl had been working for a wealthy man for sometime. One day she told her father she was expecting the stork and her employer was the father.

Her enraged father went to her office and gave the boss what for, and wanted to know what he was going to do.

The boss replied, "I tell you what, if it's a girl I will give her \$5,000; and if it's a boy I'll give her \$10,000."

Her father thought a few moments and then said, "Say, mister, if anything happens, will you give her another chance?"

Mrs. Charles Davis

A man went into a drug store and asked the salesman for a one pound and a five pound box of candy. The salesman thought it was odd and asked him why he wanted two boxes, one one-pound and the other five-pound.

"I am going to visit my girl friend," the man replied. "And if she is good to me, I'll give her the one pound box. If she is extra good, I'll give her the five pound box."

The salesman then said, "Oh, you'll be needing some rubbers then."

The man replied, "Hell no, if it's going to rain I'm not going."

Gerald Maxfield

It was in Paris that a famous surgeon excused himself for being late to a dinner party by saying he had had to remain at the hospital to amputate a man's penis.

With great concern his hostess asked, "Did you have to saw through the bone?"

Whereupon all the guests rose and bowed reverently to her husband.

Henri Beauchamp

A very suggestible Wisconsin dairy farmer watched his new electric milking machine with fascination for some weeks. At length he decided to satisfy his curiosity as to how the machine would serve as a safe and sanitary love object. Once the experiment was begun he found that he was unable to extricate himself. When his wife phoned the factory, she was told, "Just keep feeding him and fanning him, lady; that machine is set for four quarts."

Henri Beauchamp



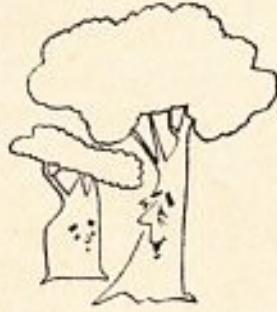


Yes, it's true. TIGER does pay \$5.00 for each joke used. None can be returned. Send to Tiger's Den, 624 South Michigan, Chicago.

There was a little tree in the forest who was laughed at all the time. One day the little tree turned to a large and very old oak next to him and asked, "Could you tell me whether I am a son of a beech or a son of a birch?"

The oak said in a resounding voice, "I'm truly sorry that I cannot tell you whether you are a son of a beech or a birch; but there is one thing I can tell you. Your mother was the finest piece of ash in this neck of the woods."

Ron Harman



Lord Wattell (retired) lived on the outskirts of London in an old castle with separate bedrooms and all that sort of thing, don'tcha know.

One morning as he started for his bawth, his valet was startled to see Lord Wattell in a manly condition which he hadn't noticed in several months.

"I say, your Lordship," he exclaimed, "shall I summon her Ladyship?"

"Definitely not!" replied his Lordship. "Just fetch a baggy pair of pants. I'm going to smuggle this into London."

Danley Kraemer

The Romance of Rex

A TALE OF A PEDIGREED PIDDLIN' PUP

A farmer's dog came into town,
His christian name was Rex,
A noble pedigree had he
Unusual was his tact.
And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner—
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway too,
And never missed a post
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.
The City Curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddle of the age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by the smell.
Some thought that he a king might be
Beneath his tail a rose,
So every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

They smelled him over one by one
They smelled him two by two
And noble Rex, in high disdain,
Stood still till they were thru.
Then just to show the whole shebang
He didn't give a damn
He trotted in a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled in a mackerel keg—
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled through the door,
Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

They showed him every piddling post

They had in all the town,
And started in with many a wink
to pee the stranger down.
They sent for champion pidders
Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddle show.

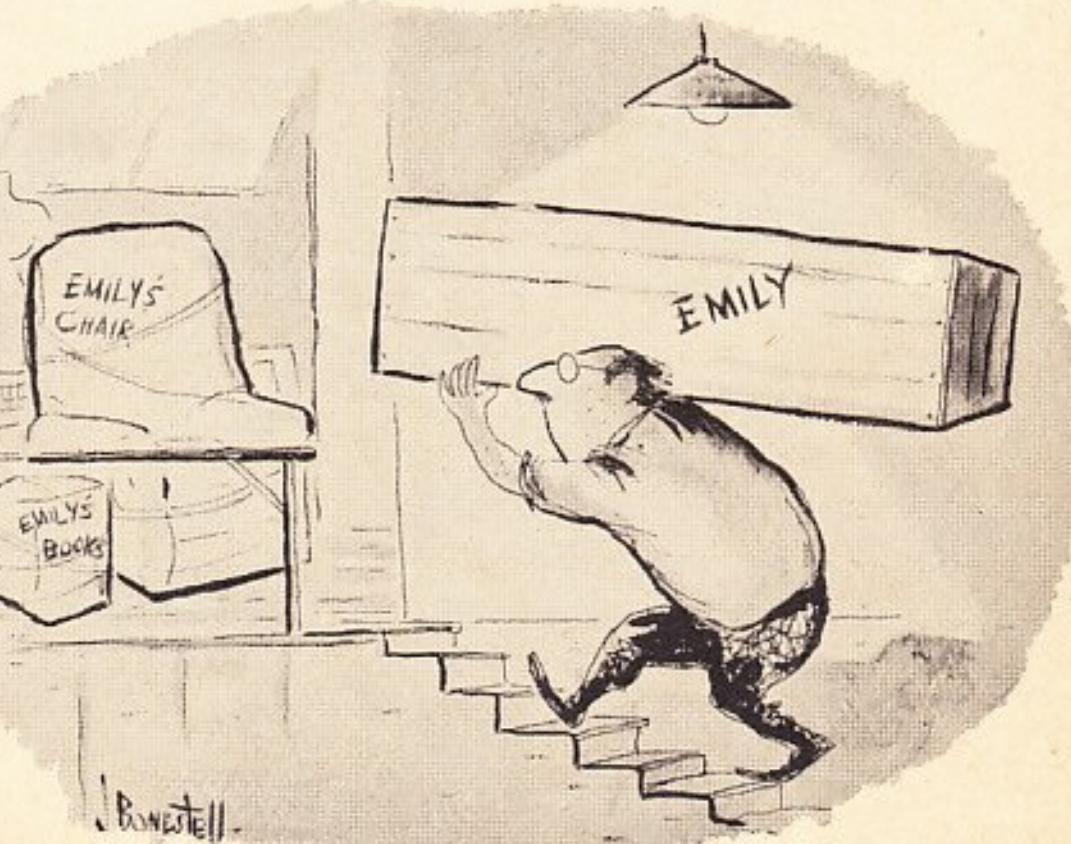
They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway in the town;
Rex only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white or brown.
For Rex was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim
A thousand piddles more or less
Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting merrily
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on, Rex sought new grounds
By piles and scraps and rust,
Till every city dog went dry
And piddled only dust.

But on and on went noble Rex
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were pee'd to a standstill.
Then Rex did free-hand piddling
With fancy flirts and flits
Like "double dip" and "gimlet twist"
And all those latest hits.

And all the time this country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

The city dogs conventions held
To ask, "What did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
That Rex had diabetes.



How Big Business Operates

Readers of *Fortune* and *Business Week* are familiar with the success story of the business *executive*, but how many are informed on the business executive's *secretary*, the *real* brains of any outfit?

We firmly believe that every executive secretary reflects, *directly*, the products and theories of her firm. As an example, we are opening up a secret file of a very confidential business deal *sssh!*

PROJECT: Creation of Underground Balloon Corps
CLASSIFICATION: Absolutely Top Secret
PRIORITY: A-1 Plus



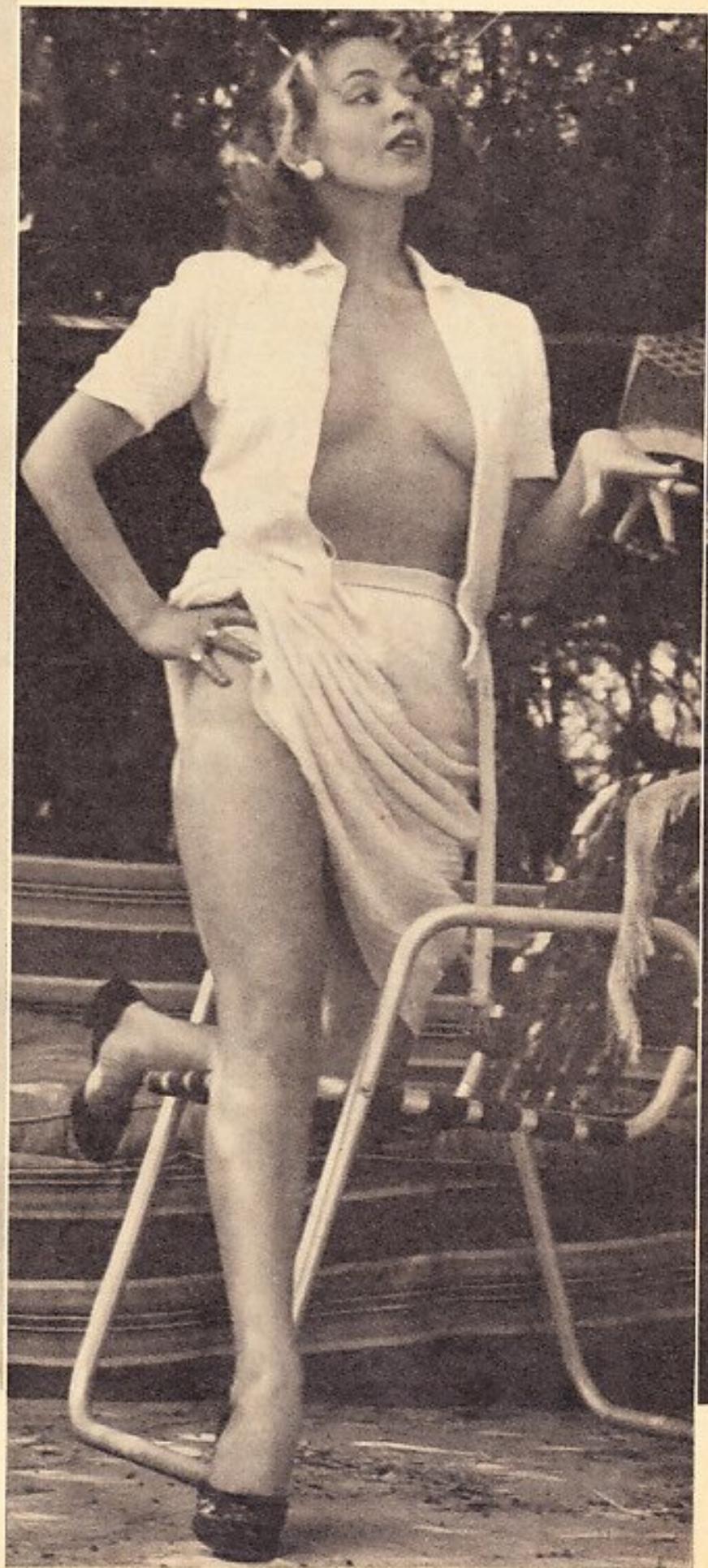
This is Miss Renee Lavelle, executive secretary of the National Balloon Corp. Her boss makes balloons, any kind. You see her looking at an experimental model and covering Top Secret Data. Yes, Miss Lavelle is indeed an excellent secretary. *Only* 8 years with her company and already she can type 18 words per minute!

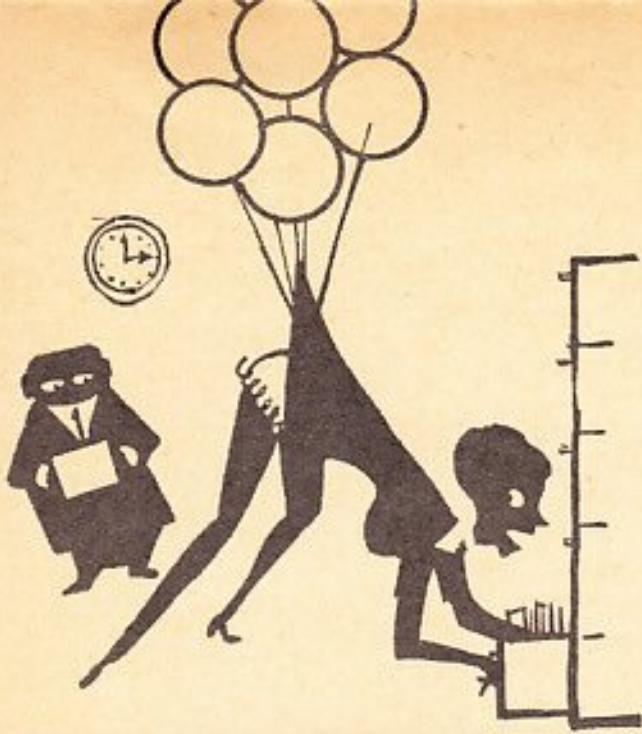
And this is Miss Zahro Norbro (Miss Sweden) who is a confidential agent of the U.S. Counter Intelligence Corps, Stockholm office. It is rumored that she is personally responsible to Mr. Dulles for *all* her actions. (Max Dulles, that is.)





And this is Miss Gunnar Gustafson (also a former Miss Sweden), who must fill out all requisition forms of the Swedish Gas Company, who fill the balloons. New to Big Business, Miss Gustafson is therefore still feeling her way around.





We were, of course, interested in finding out if the girls were placed in their present positions because of their personal appearances. Unfortunately Mr. A. Stevenson, newly chosen head of the Project, was occupied with his new file clerk, Miss Nona Van Tosh, and was not available for interrogation.



Photography by Mr. Earl Leaf

A CLASSIC TIGER

Benvenuto Cellini, a Nobleman of Florence

his autobiography

THE PLAGUE had broken out in Rome; and there came to that city a surgeon of the highest renown, who was called Maestro Giacomo da Carpi.* This able man, in the course of his other practice, undertook the most desperate cases of the so-called French disease. In Rome this kind of illness is very partial to the priests, and especially the richest of them. When therefore, Maestro Giacomo had made his talents known, he professed to work miracles in the treatment of such cases by means of certain fumigations; but he only undertook a cure after stipulating for his fees, which he reckoned not by tens, but by hundreds of crowns. He was a great connoisseur in the arts of design. Chancing to pass one day before my shop, he saw a lot of drawings which I had laid upon the counter, and among these were several designs for little vases in a capricious style, which I had sketched for my amusement. These vases were in quite a different fashion from any which had been seen up to that time. He was anxious that I should finish one or two of them for him in silver; and this I did with the fullest satisfaction, seeing they exactly suited my own fancy. The clever surgeon paid me very well, and yet the honor which the vases brought me was worth a hundred times as much; for the best craftsmen in the goldsmith's trade declared they had never seen anything more beautiful or better executed.

The plague went dragging on for many months, but I had as yet managed to

*Giacomo da Carpi was a great physician, surgeon and student of anatomy. He is believed to have been the first to use mercury to cure syphilis, a disease which was devastating Italy.

keep it at bay; for though several of my comrades were dead, I survived in health and freedom. Now it chanced one evening that a intimate comrade of mine brought home to supper a Bolognese prostitute named Faustina. She was a very fine woman, but about thirty years of age; and she had with her a little serving-girl of thirteen or fourteen. Faustina belonging to my friend, I would not have touched her for all the gold in the world; and though she declared she was madly in love with me, I remained steadfast in my loyalty. But after they had gone to bed, I stole away the little serving-girl, who was quite a fresh maid, and woe to her if her mistress had known of it! The result was that I enjoyed a very pleasant night, far more to my satisfaction than if I had passed it with Faustina. I rose upon the hour of breaking fast, and felt tired, for I had travelled many miles that night, and was wanting to take food, when a crushing headache seized me; several boils appeared on my left arm, together with a carbuncle which showed itself just beyond the palm of the left hand where it joins the wrist. Everybody in the house was in panic; my friend, the cow and the calf, all fled. Left alone there with my poor little apprentice, who refused to abandon me, I felt stifled at the heart, and made up my mind for certain I was a dead man.

Just then the father of the lad went by, who was physician to the Cardinal and lived as member of the prelate's household. The boy called out, "Come, father, and see Benvenuto; he is in bed with some trifling indisposition." Without thinking what my complaint might be, the doctor came up at once, and

when he had felt my pulse, he saw and felt what was very contrary to his own wishes. Turning around to his son, he said, "Oh traitor of a child, you've ruined me; how can I venture now into the Cardinal's presence?" His son made answer. "Why, father, this man my master is worth far more than all the cardinals in Rome." Then the doctor turned to me and said, "Since I am here, I will consent to treat you. But of one thing only I warn you, if you have enjoyed a woman of late, you are doomed." To this I replied, "I did so this very night." He answered, "With whom, and to what extent?" I said, "Last night, and with a girl in her earliest maturity." Upon this, perceiving that he had spoke foolishly, he made haste to add, "Well, considering the sores are so new, and have not yet begun to stink, and that the remedies will be taken in time, you need not be too much afraid, for I have good hopes for curing you."

When he had prescribed for me and gone away, a very dear friend of mine, called Giovanni Rigogli, came in, and fell to commiserating my great suffering and also my desertion by my comrade, and said, "Be of good cheer, my Benvenuto, for I will never leave your side until I see you restored to health." I told him not to come too close, since it was all over with me. Only I besought him to be so kind as to take a considerable quantity of crowns, which were lying in a little box near my bed, and when God had thought fit to remove me from this world, to send them to my poor father, writing pleasantly to him, in the way I too had done, so far as that appalling season of the plague permitted. My be-

So devastating was he that husbands forbade their wives to cast looks in his direction. But it was of no use, for he still managed to sire half of Europe's royalty while his sword cut down irate husbands by the pound.

loved friend declared that he had no intention whatsoever of leaving me, and that come what might, in life or death, he knew very well what was his duty toward a friend. And so we went on by the help of God; and the admirable remedies which I had used began to work a great improvement, and I soon came well out of that dreadful sickness.

WHEN THE PLAGUE had died out, the survivors, when they met together alive, rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, the best that were in Rome; and the founder of it was that sculptor with the name of Michel Agnolo.

After many and many merry meetings, it seemed good to our worthy president that for the following Sunday we should repair to supper in his house, and that each one of us should be obliged to bring with him his crow (such was the nickname Michel Agnolo gave to women in the club), and that whosoever did not bring one should be sconced by paying for the supper of the whole company. Those of us who had no familiarity with women of the town, were forced to go to no small trouble and expense, in order to appear without disgrace at that distinguished feast of artists. I had reckoned upon being well provided with a young woman of considerable beauty, called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was obliged to give her up to one of my dearest friends, Il Bachiaccia, who on his side had been, and still was, over head and ears in love with her. This exchange excited a certain amount of lover's anger, because the lady,

seeing I had abandoned her at Bachiaccia's first entreaty, imagined that I held in slight esteem the great affection which she bore me.

Well, then, the hour was drawing nigh when we had to present ourselves before that company of men of genius, each with his own crow; and I was still unprovided; and yet I thought it would be stupid to fail of such a madcap bagatelle; but what particularly weighed upon my mind was that I did not choose to lend the light of my countenance in that illustrious sphere to some miserable plume-plucked scarecrow. All these considerations made me devise a pleasant trick, for the increase of merriment and the diffusion of mirth in our society.

I sent for a stripling of sixteen years, who lived in the next house to mine; he was the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This young man gave his time to Latin studies, and was very diligent in their pursuit. He bore the name of Diego, had

a handsome figure, and a complexion of marvelous brilliancy; the outlines of his head and face were far more beautiful than those of the antique Antinous; I had often copied them, gaining thereby much honour from the works in which I used them. The youth had no acquaintances, and therefore quite unknown; dressed very ill and negligently; all his affections being set upon those wonderful studies of his. After bringing him to my house, I begged him to let me array him in the woman's clothes which I had caused to be laid out.

He readily complied, and put them on at once, while I added new beauties to the beauty of his face by the elaborate and studied way in which I dressed his hair. In his ears I placed two little rings, set with two large and fair pearls; the rings were broken; they only clipped his ears, which looked as though they had been pierced. Afterwards I wreathed his

[continued on next page]



throat with chains of gold and rich jewels, and ornamented his fair hands with rings. Then I took him in a pleasant manner by one ear, and drew him before a great looking-glass. The lad, when he beheld himself, cried out with a burst of enthusiasm: "Heavens! is that Diego?" I said: "That is Diego, from whom until this day I never asked for any kind of favor; but now I only beseech Diego to do me pleasure in one harmless thing: I want him to come in those very clothes to supper with the company of artists whereof he has often heard me speak." The young man bent his eyes to the ground, and stood for a short while in silence. Then with a sudden move he lifted up his face and said: "With Benvenuto I will go; and let us start."

I WRAPPED HIS head in a large kind of napkin, which is called in Rome a summer-cloth; and when we reached the place of meeting, the company had already assembled, and everybody came forward to greet me. Michel Agnolo had placed himself between Giulio and Giovan Francesco. I lifted the veil from the head of my beauty; and then Michel Agnolo, who, as I have already said, was the most humorous and amusing fellow in the world, laid his two hands, the one on Giulio's and the other on Gian Francesco's shoulders, and pulling them with all his force, made them bow down, while he, on his knees upon the floor, cried out for mercy, and called to all the folk in words like these: "Behold ye of what sort are the angels of paradise! For

though they are called angels, here shall ye see that they are not all of the male gender." Then with a loud voice he added: "ANGEL BEAUTEOUS, ANGEL BEST, SAVE ME THOU, MAKE THOU ME BLEST."

Upon this my charming creature laughed, and lifted the right hand and gave him a papal benediction with many pleasant words to boot. So Michel Agnolo stood up, and said it was the custom to kiss the feet of the Pope and the cheeks of angels; and having done the latter to Diego, the boy blushed deeply, which immensely enhanced his beauty.

When this reception was over, we found the whole room full of sonnets, which every man of us had made, and sent to Michel Agnolo. My lad began to read them, and read them all aloud so gracefully, that his infinite charms were heightened beyond the powers of language to describe. Then followed conversation and witty sayings, on which I will not enlarge; only one clever word must be mentioned, for it was spoken by that admirable painter Giulio, who, looking round with meaning in his eyes on the bystanders, and fixing them particularly upon the women, turned to Michel Agnolo and said: "My dear Michel Agnolo, your nickname of crow very well suits those ladies today, though I vow they are somewhat less fair than crows by the side of one of the most lovely peacocks which fancy could have painted."

A certain Aurelio Ascolano, remark-

able for his gift as an improvisatory poet, began to extol the women in choice phrases of exquisite compliment. While he was chanting, the two girls who had my beauty between them never left off chattering. One of them related had she had gone wrong; the other asked mine how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been settled in Rome, and many other questions of the kind. It is true that, if I chose to describe such laughable episodes, I could relate several odd things which then occurred through Pantasilea's jealousy on my account; but since they form no part of my design, I pass them briefly over. At last the conversation of those loose women vexed my beauty, whom we had christened Pomona for the nonce; and Pomona, wanting to escape from their silly talk, turned restlessly upon her chair, first to one side and then to the other. The female brought by Giulio asked whether she felt indisposed. Pomona answered, yes, she thought she was a month or so with child; this gave them the opportunity of feeling her body and discovering the real sex of the supposed woman. Thereupon they quickly withdrew their hands and rose from table, uttering such gibing words as are commonly addressed to young men of eminent beauty.

The whole room rang with laughter and astonishment. Thus ended that most agreeable supper-party, and each of us returned to his own dwelling at the close of the day.

I HAVE TOLD the story of the artists' club, and of the farcical adventures which happened owing to the woman whom I mention, Pantasilea, the one who felt for me that false and fulsome love. She was furiously enraged because of the pleasant trick by which I brought Diego to our banquet, and she swore to be revenged on me. How she did so is mixed up with the history of a young man called Luigi Pulci, who had recently come to Rome. He was the son of one of the Pulcis who had been beheaded for incest with his daughter; and the youth possessed extraordinary gifts for poetry together with sound Latin scholarship; he wrote well, was graceful in manners, and of surprising personal beauty; he had just left the service of some bishop, whose name I do not remember, and was thoroughly tainted with a very foul disease.

He came, in this miserable plight, to make himself known to me, beseeching me for God's sake to help him. I took him into my house, and had him medically treated in such wise that, being but a youth, he soon regained his health. The result was that Luigi, recognizing the great benefits he had received from me, oftentimes with words and tears returned me thanks, protesting that if God should ever put good fortune in his way, he would recompense me for my kindness.

Thus then it came to pass, that when I had upon a certain evening invited that woman Pantasilea to supper, and had assembled a company of men of parts who were my friends, just at the moment of our sitting down to table, Luigi Pulci arrived, and after some complimentary



speeches, they both remained to sup with us. The shameless strumpet, casting her eyes upon the young man's beauty, began at once to lay her nets for him; perceiving which, when the supper had come to an agreeable end, I took Luigi aside, and conjured him, by the benefits he said he owed me, to have nothing whatever to do with her. To this he answered: "Good heaven, Benvenuto! do you then take me for a madman?"

It came to pass one Sunday evening that we were invited to sup together with the Sienese sculptor, Michel Agnolo, and the time of the year was summer. Bachiaccia, of whom I have already spoken, was present at the party; and he had brought with him his old flame, Pantasilea. When we were at table, she sat between me and Bachiaccia; but in the very middle of the banquet she rose, and excused herself upon the pretext of a natural need, saying she would speedily return. We, meanwhile, continued talking very agreeably and supping; but she remained an unaccountably long time absent. It chanced that, keeping my ears open, I thought I heard a sort of subdued tittering in the street below. I had a knife in hand, which I was using for my service at the table. The window was so close to where I sat, that, by merely rising, I could see Luigi in the street, together with Pantasilea; and I heard Luigi saying: "Oh, if that devil Benvenuto only saw us, shouldn't we just catch it!" She answered: "Have no fear; only listen to the noise they're making; we are the last thing they're thinking of." At these words, having made them both well out, I leaped from the window, and took Luigi by the cape; and certainly I should then have killed him with the knife I held, but that he was riding a white horse, to which he clapped spurs, leaving his cape in my grasp, in order to preserve his life.

Pantasilea took to her heels in the direction of a neighboring church. The company at supper rose immediately, and came down, entreating me in a body to refrain from putting myself and them to inconvenience for a strumpet. I told them that I should not have let myself be moved on her account, but that I was bent on punishing the infamous young man, who showed how little he regarded me. Accordingly I took my sword, and went alone toward home.

Toward two hours after sunset, I walked toward Pantasilea's lodging, with the intention, if Luigi Pulci were there, of doing something to the discontent of both. When I heard and saw no one but a poor servant-girl called Canida was in the house, I hid myself by a thick hedge of thorns.

After keeping watch awhile there, my friend Bachiaccia crept up to me. In a low voice he called out to me, "Friend, I entreat you not to injure that poor girl; she at least has erred in no wise in this matter—no, not at all." When I heard what he was saying, I replied, "If you don't take yourself off now, at this first word I utter, I will bring my sword here down upon your head."

Overwhelmed with fright, my poor Bachiaccia was suddenly taken ill, and

withdrew to ease himself apart; indeed, he could not but obey the call. There was a glorious heaven of stars, which shed good light to see by.

All of a sudden I was aware of the noise of many horses; they were coming toward me from one side and the other. It turned out to be Luigi and Pantasilea, attended by a certain Messer Benvegnato of Perugia, who was chamberlain to Pope Clement, and followed by four doughty captains of Perugia, with some other valiant soldiers in the flower of youth; altogether reckoned, there were more than twelve swords. When I understood the matter, and saw not how to fly, I did my best to crouch into the hedge. But the thorns pricked and hurt me, goading me to madness like a bull; and I had half resolved to take a leap and hazard my escape. Just then Luigi, with his arm round Pantasilea's neck, was heard crying, "I must kiss you once again, if only to insult that traitor Benvenuto." At that moment, annoyed as I was by the prickles, and irritated by the young man's words, I sprang forth, lifted my sword on high, and shouted at the top of my voice, "You are all dead folk!"

My blow descended on the shoulder of Luigi; but the satyrs who doted on him, had steeled his person round with coats of mail and suchlike villainous defences; still the stroke fell with crushing force. Swerving aside, the sword hit Pantasilea full on the nose and mouth. Both she and Luigi grovelled on the ground, while Bachiaccia, with his breeches down to heels, screamed out and ran away.

I turned upon the others boldly with my sword; and those valiant fellows, nearing a sudden commotion in the tavern, thought there was an army coming of a hundred men, and though they drew their swords with spirit, yet two horses which had taken fright in the tumult cast them into such disorder that a couple of the best riders were thrown, and remainder took to flight. I, seeing that the affair was turning out well for me, ran as quickly as I could, and came off with honor from the engagement, not wishing to tempt fortune more than was my duty.

EVENTUALLY, after some negotiations with the representatives of these officers, we made peace. Meanwhile Luigi Pulci, having recovered from his wound, rode every day upon the black horse which was so well trained to heel and bridle. One day, after it had rained a little, and he was making his horse curvet just before Pantasilea's door, he slipped and fell, with the horse upon him. His right leg was broken short off in the thigh; and after a few days he died there in Pantasilea's lodgings, discharging thus the vow he registered so heartily to Heaven.



BEST ORCHESTRAL:

- Schubert's 6th Symphony
(Angel 35339, Beecham)
- Roy Harris "1933" and 7th Symphonies
(Columbia ML-5095, Ormandy, Koussevitzky)
- Beethoven 5th, Mozart 40th Symphonies
(Columbia ML-5098, Ormandy)
- Nielsen Third Symphony
(Epic LC-3225, Frandsen)
- Brahms First Symphony
(Capitol P-8340, Steinberg)
- Sibelius "Swan of Tuonela"
(MGM-E-3332, Fistoulari)
- Handel's "Water Music Suite"
(MGM-E-3333, Marrow)
- Stravinsky's "Le Baiser de la Fee"
(Columbia ML-5102, Stravinsky)
- Gershwin's "American in Paris"
(Capitol P-8343, Slatkin)
- Dukas' "La Peri"
(Capitol P-18008, Benedetti)
- Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice"
(Capitol P-18008, Benedetti)
- Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," Suite No. 2
(Columbia ML-5112, Ormandy)

BEST INSTRUMENTAL AND CHAMBER MUSIC:

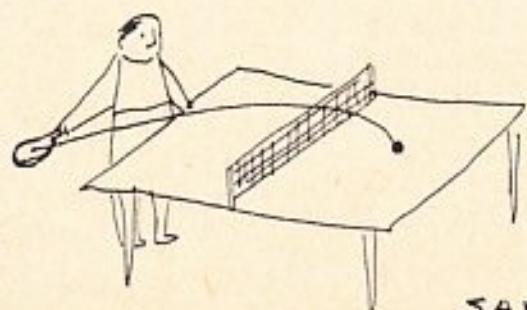
- "Rubinstein Plays Liszt"
(Victor LM-1905)
- Barber Cello Sonata
(Victor LM-2013, Piatigorsky)
- Leku Violin and Piano Sonata
(Victor LM-2014, Menuhin)
- Bach Six Partitas for Piano
(Capitol PBR-834, Agi Jambor)
- Sessions' Second String Quartet
(Columbia ML-5105)
- McPhee Concerto for Piano and Winds
(Columbia ML-5105)
- Mozart 9th Piano Concerto
(Victor LM-2011, Bachauer)
- Poulenc Concerto for Organ, Strings, Tympani
(MGM-E-3361)
- Beethoven 10th Violin and Piano Sonata
(Columbia ML-5096, Oistrakh)
- Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"
(Capitol P-8343, Pennario)

BEST VOCAL AND OPERATIC:

- "Jussi Björling Sings at Carnegie Hall"
(Victor LM-2003)
- Cherubini Requiem Mass in C Minor
(Victor LM-2000, Robert Shaw Chorale, Toscanini)
- "Jan Peerce Sings Hebrew Melodies"
(Victor LM-2034)
- Elgar's "Sea Pictures" song cycle
(Capitol P-18017, Gladys Ripley)
- Verdi's "La Traviata"
(Victor 3-disc album with copy of "Camille"; Carteri, Valetti, Leonard Warren, Monteux conducting)

BEST FOLK MUSIC AND JAZZ:

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(Elektra 110; sung by Ed McCurdy, delectable anthology of ribald Elizabethan songs on amour!)
- "Roger Warner Chorale Sings Folk Songs"
(Capitol PBR-8345)
- "Richard Dyer-Bennet Recital"
(Richard Dyer-Bennet Records, #1)
- "Brubeck Plays Brubeck"
(Columbia CL878)
- "Count Basie Big Band"
(Clef 666)
- "Yes, Indeed!"
(Victor LPM-1229, Tommy Dorsey)
- "Sentimental Trumpet"
(MGM-E-3389, Ziggy Elman)
- "Jackpot"
(Capitol T-748, Woody Herman)
- "Cuban Fire!"
(Capitol T-731, Stan Kenton)



SAKRA

Murietta's BURIED GOLD

"ISN'T THERE a place down at the edge of the desert where the original Jackass Mail Stage Station has been restored?" Roy asked.

"Yes," I replied. It's the Vallecito Stage Station."

"That's it!" Roy sat up and pounded a heavy fist on the arm of his chair. "I remember now. Vallecito is the name Gus told me! Do you know anything about it?"

"The place was a favorite resting spot for early day caravans crossing the desert from Yuma, Arizona, to the Pacific Coast," I told him. "The stop was a part of the great Butterfield Overland Mail and Stage System about the time of the Civil War."

"Is there a small creek near the place?"

"Not over a hundred yards away. The creek comes down out of the Laguna Mountains which rise from the floor of the desert on the south. It passes behind the Station, and sinks into the sandy Carrizo Wash a short distance beyond."

"There was a fellow by the name of Gus Johnson down at the shop where I work," Roy began. "Last fall he took his girl friend down in the desert foothills. They left town before daylight, and drove to this old Stage Station.

"They took a trail that starts behind the Stage Station and heads up into the mountains."

"One of the main Indian trails out of the desert," I broke in. "It goes up into their home country in the Laguna Mountains. You'll find it still plainly marked, and easy to follow."

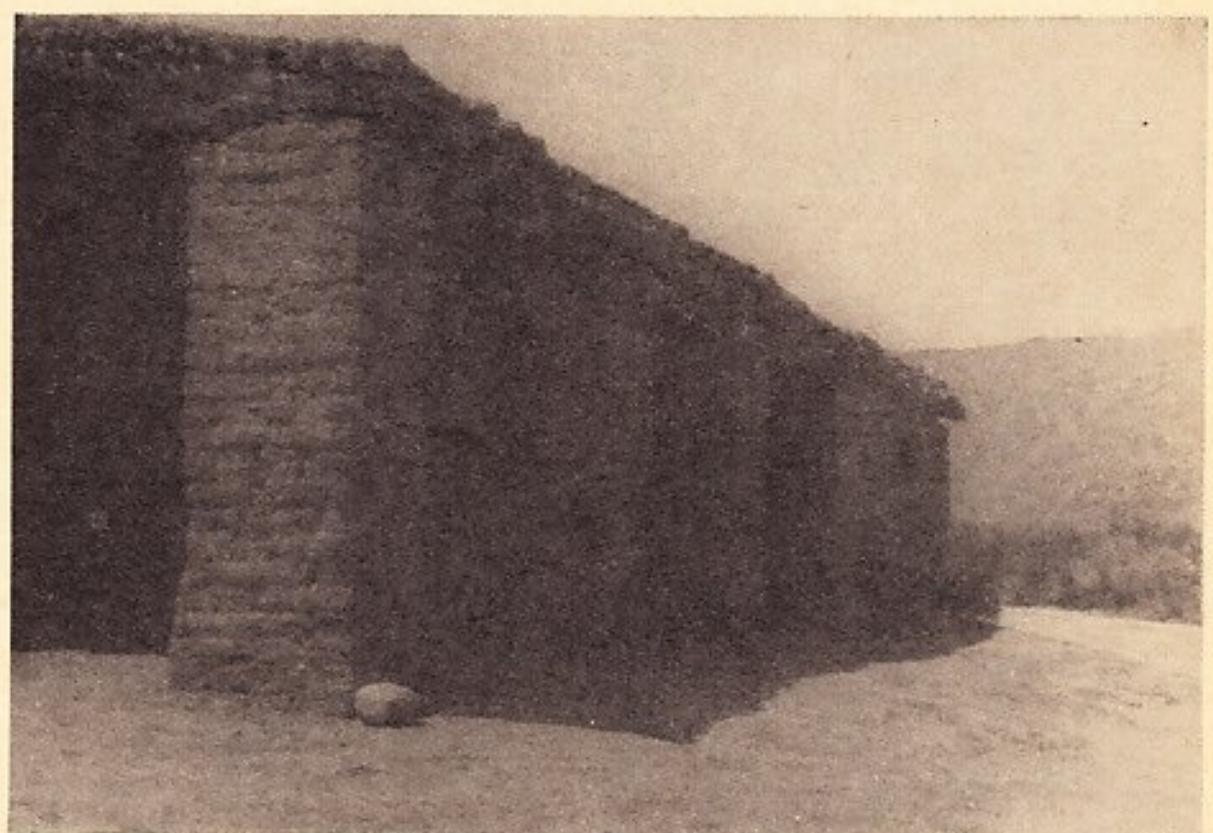
"Gus and his girl friend had gone several miles following the general direction of this old Indian trail when they came to a place where a fire had recently burned off all the brush and weeds over a considerable area. It left the ground naked and blackened, and a great many rocks formerly concealed now stood exposed. Among a cluster of these rocks they found one of those *olla* water-pots that holds three or four gallons of water."

"There has been several of 'em found down there," I told him. "The Indians kept them scattered along the trails coming out of the desert. It was the duty of the squaws to keep them filled with fresh water."

"Then I suppose they found another one," I suggested.

"They sure did," Roy said. "Got so excited they began searching every cluster of rocks in this burned off area."

"Late that afternoon they reached the edge of a wash with steep walled banks about thirty or forty feet high. About that time Gus spotted a small hole in the side of the bank opposite the place where they were standing.



This story is true. The picture is the Vallecito Stage Station. The map is correct.

Walter H. Miller.

Walter H. Miller
September 17, 1956

"After a treacherous climb he reached the hole. He discovered to his astonishment that it was the entrance to a small cave, the mouth of which long since had been sealed shut by human hands. Gus had a flashlight in his pocket, and was able to peer into this cavern. He could make out a room. Sitting on the floor were maybe twenty *ollas*, all apparently in perfect condition, each jar having a lid on it."

"What did Gus do?" I demanded eagerly.

"Well!" continued Roy. "Gus said, the adobe mud used to plug the opening was baked hard as stone. It was about all he could do to hang on. Gus did manage to get his arm into the hole far enough to touch the nearest jar. Somehow he got the lid off. The pot was filled with pinon nuts."

"Pinon nuts?" I shouted.

"What's wrong with pinon nuts?" demanded Roy.

"Nothing," I told him. "Finish your story. Then I'm going to tell you one."

"There's not much more to tell," Roy answered. "By this time it was getting late. Mentally marking the location in their minds, they resolved to return as soon as possible, bringing a pick and shovel. Gus told me all about it the next day during our lunch hour."

"And I suppose when they got back they were unable to find the place again?" I smiled knowingly.

"It was worse than that," Roy said. "Gus was killed in an automobile accident a few days later. His girl friend quit her job, and went back east to her folks."

Roy paused and grinned broadly at me. "Think of it! Over a dozen *ollas*, worth



a hundred bucks apiece, just sitting in that cave waiting for somebody like us to come along."

"I'm thinking of it, all right," I replied seriously. "Also, I'm thinking of a story a Leguna Indian told me several years ago."

"What do you mean?" Roy asked.

"Ever hear of Joaquin Murieta?" I asked them.

"The Mexican bandit?" Roy said. "The fellow who caused so much trouble up in the Mother Lode Country during the gold rush days? Sure! I've heard of him."

"That's the fellow," I replied. "Can't blame him much for hating the American miners. They had unjustly hanged his brother for horse stealing. Then a short time later a drunken gang brutally assaulted and murdered his wife. Like most people of his type he didn't confine his vengeance to the guilty, but killed all Americans who got in his path."

"As legend goes Murieta had a hideout in Calaveras County, near the town of Murphy's. He had captured many pounds of gold and other loot from the miners. This stuff was cached in the nearby hills."

"It seems whenever Murieta took his gang on one of their raids, he left a couple of men behind to guard the camp. Two scheming fellows knew they didn't dare arouse suspicion by asking for the job. It was usually an unwanted task, and divid-

ed or passed around among the men. So they patiently waited until it was their turn, and both of them selected by Murieta.

"As soon as the raiding party left camp, they robbed the cache, loaded the loot on a couple of mules, and departed. Murieta followed them as far as Southern California, but they had a good start and were successful in getting away."

"About twenty miles below the Vallecito Stage Station the outlaws made a fatal mistake. They showed poor judgment by taking a few shots at a party of Laguna Indians coming up out of the desert. As far as I know, their bones are still down there in the Carrizo Wash."

"The Indians divided the jewelry and other trinkets, but they had no use for all that gold. So, shortly after leaving the Vallecito Valley and starting up this trail you mentioned, they decided to get rid of the stuff. The Indians had a cave part way up the side of the mountain where they kept a supply of water stored in *ollas*. They placed this gold in some of those jars, covered the top with pinon nuts, then sealed up the mouth of the cave. In time the location of the place became forgotten, became a legend told around their camp-fires. As far as I know, those *ollas* filled with Murieta's gold have never been found."

I broke off suddenly to look at Roy and May who sat staring at me in stunned amazement. Here indeed was a lost treasure worth going after.

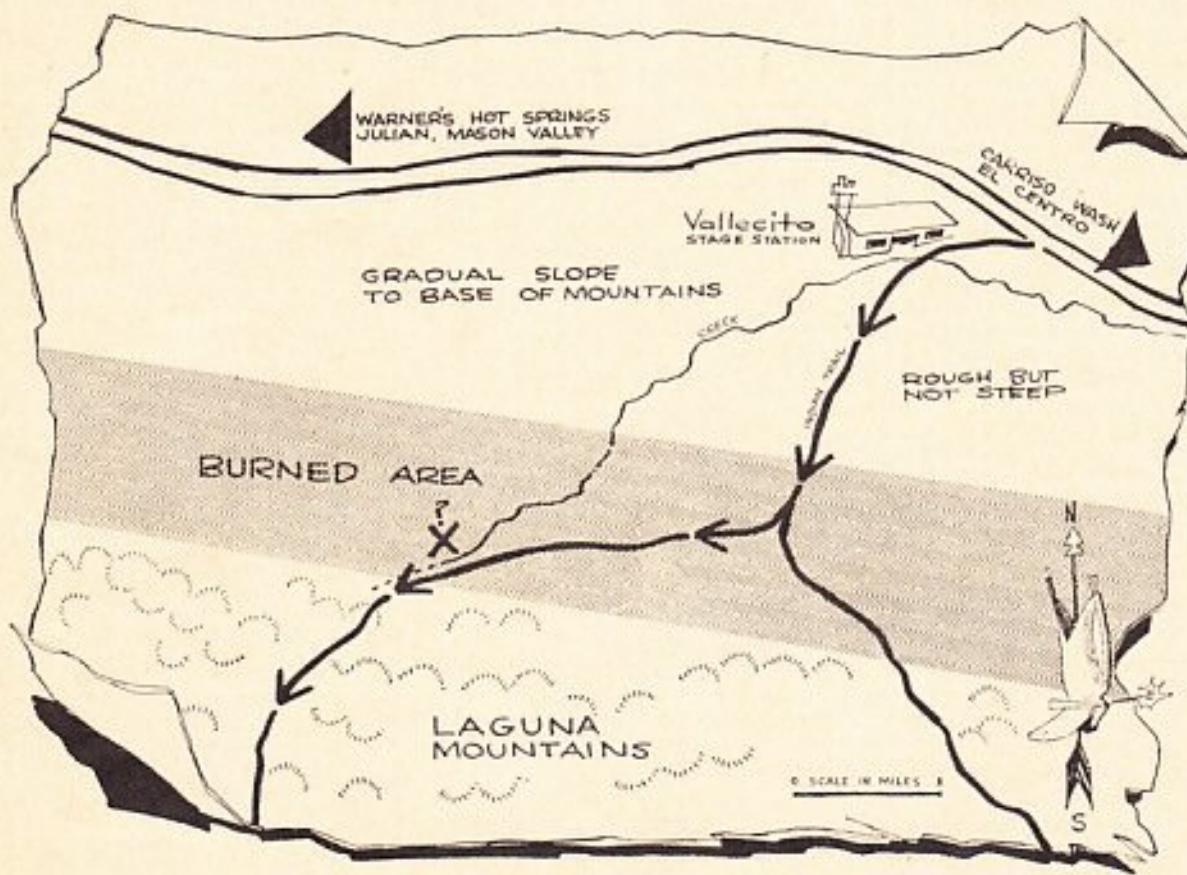
"Knowing what you and Roy do about this cave—" began May eagerly.

"I can't go now," I replied. "But some day soon we'll go down there and look around."

And that's where I made my mistake. That "some day soon" just never seemed to arrive. The weeks slipped into months, then years.

Later, I did manage to get down to the Vallecito Stage Station with a party of friends on a week's outing. While there I met the Forest Ranger of the District. He pointed out to me the path along the base of the mountains made by the fire Gus had told about. Brush grows slowly on the desert, and the scar of that fire was still plainly visible from the Station.

This was in the early Summer. It gets mighty hot in those hills during the summer. I couldn't leave my friends and go hiking off by myself in search of a small hole in the bank of a sweltering wash some place a half dozen miles up in those barren foothills. Now I can't go. My health won't permit me to attempt such a search. The same can be said about Roy. For us the time of opportunity has passed.



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COLT

[continued from page 45]

gunsmith A. T. Baxter's shop in Baltimore, Maryland.

Paying Baxter was a bad idea, thought Pearson and Colt, so they entered into a contract directly, in June. Pearson agreed to work for Colt for weekly wages, "Ten dollars per week, Ten hours in each day (Sundays excepted)." That way the work cost Sam less, and Pearson made more. Sam set the gunsmith up in his own shop, which Sam, with a fine business sense, arranged that Pearson should rent from Sam's brother John, then living in Baltimore.

Pearson was a metalworker and stockmaker of great skill. Born in Nottingham, England, about 1803, he worked in his boyhood as an apprentice to a clockmaker. He developed into a precision machinist. In those days "precision work" meant on the order of 1/64", but examples of his handiwork prove Pearson was a very competent man.

Through the next two years, Pearson worked for Colt. Sam toured the settled parts of the United States giving his laughing gas lectures, and Pearson stayed in Baltimore chopping out guns. This was slow, tedious work. Colt would spend an elated evening sketching out a modification or new idea in a revolver principle. Then Pearson would take the flat paper and convert it into a three-dimensional firearm that worked. No ordinary man, Pearson showed the degree of talent which was equivalent to inventing. In writing directions to his agent to relay to Pearson, Colt said "tell him to exercise the best of his judgement in putting the lock (mechanism of the revolver) together." And later, Pearson heatedly wrote to Sam about some wage contract change. He declared: "I may work all day and study all night for to improve your work, for which you offer me \$1.50 each day." Pearson was taking Colt's sketches and wild ideas, and making guns to conform to them. The existing models show this.

When Colt's first company began business in March of 1836, he had no further use for his Baltimore gunsmith. Indeed, Pearson had been dunning Sam for some back wages, and threatened to stop his work if Colt did not pay. Wisely, Colt kicked through with the money. Several advanced designs of pistols in his collection, done by Pearson but clearly unfinished, proved how wise Colt was. Since he had obtained patents in England, France and the U.S., and was finally in business making guns, Colt wanted no interference. He paid Pearson in full.

Pearson then dropped from the story. Strangely, he seems not to have practiced his profession of gunmaker, since his name does not appear in any lists of gunmakers. Firearms made by him are unknown, although it is definitely known that he later engaged in gunsmithing.

doesn't want to go home now and get some rest.'

"It was about the middle of the afternoon when the trouble started. King Sandar came up then, on the biggest war-elephant in his army, with a picked royal bodyguard. As soon as I saw that bodyguard, I knew we were in for a difficult time. The Major led a party out to meet them; some were mother-naked, some were half-clad, one or two were still in full uniform.

"The royal bodyguard tore into them with swords and spears. Despite their offers of copulation, Nedara's force was cut to pieces. When I saw her go down before a grinning, painted Ithyans I realized that King Sandar had thrown a troop of *homosexuals* at us.

"We had a trick or two under our tunic yet. I didn't know about this myself; it was apparently a well-kept secret among the High Command. But the middle of our line opened up, and out rushed a troop of fat, shining boys!"

"Most of them weren't Astartians, of course; our sexual mores have nothing against homosexuality, but the prevailing moral atmosphere is so congenial to heterosexuality that its opposite never develops. However, the High Command had heard of the Ithyans Royal Bodyguard, and had recruited some boys of twelve through sixteen from the Hill-Men. They were trained and led by a few Astartian homosexuals, and sent against the Ithyans.

"The stratagem worked perfectly. Soon the royal guard was engaged in battle and disarmed, like all the rest. When he saw this, King Sandar leaped down from his war-carriage.

"I was busy with four or five Ithyans, and since we were nearest, he came rushing over to us with drawn sword, ordering his men to stop futtering us and start killing us. The Ithyans soldiers were either too tired to obey, or more intent on coupling than killing, so they paid no attention.

"'Cowards! Lechers!' he shouted. 'Stop this lustfulness! Onward, to victory and glory!' When he saw that this got no results, he ran one of the Ithyans through with his sword. He then grabbed me, and probably would have lopped my head off, if one of his own men hadn't crushed his skull with a mace.

"Well, by the end of the day most of the action was over. A few of the more vigorous Ithyans still had to be put down, but most of them were only too willing to go home.

"When the last Ithyans had been disposed of, I went back to Durum and slept for sixteen hours.

"That was the last time Astartia was ever invaded, and I guess there'll never be another. We keep up the army, of course, and every girl gets her training, but there'll never be another battle like Durum."

"It's getting late," noted the practical Chachama. "Hadn't we better be getting back?"

"We'll have to wait for Alan and the girl," said Statilia.

"Hmmm!" said Chachama. "I wonder if he know that she placed first in her cadet class last year."

ATTACK!

[continued from page 24]
overheard. 'Forget it,' I said. 'There's probably not a soldier in your army who

BERNARD BENSON

[continued from page 11]

then he shuddered. What if it were discovered that he, a respectable citizen of Center City, was a Peeping Tom? He lay awake for the rest of the night, tossing and turning. Only when the first crow of a rooster rose above his wife's labored, gutteral snoring did he think of something and relax with a smile.

AT 9:25 BERNARD BENSON parked his shiny black Caddie in the lot next to the bank and went to the front door, unlocking it. He stepped inside, raised the blinds and crossed to his mahogany desk. He was alone. Miss Temple would appear in a few minutes, he knew from experience. She would use her own key to enter, blow him a kiss and hurry to her cage. The others would file in soon thereafter.

At 9:30 Bernard sat impatiently at his desk, tapping the glass top with his letter opener, watching the door. It opened. Charley Wilson, chief teller, not Miss Temple, entered. "Hi, Boss!" Charley called. "Say, you look beat! Have a bad night?"

Irritated, Bernard thought of what his wife had said.

"Stomach," he said sourly. "Too much squab."

Wilson moved to the rear of the bank to open the safe for the day's business, whistling distractedly. Bernard sat watching the door, unable to get started on his mail. Then, as the hands of the big bank clock moved to 9:42, the door opened. Miss Temple swept in.

Bernard cleared his throat. He watched her swing across the lobby, her spiked heels clicking over the tiled floor. She moved with animal energy. Bernard thought, that tight, green dress doesn't belong in a teller's cage. He suddenly saw her without her dress, standing at the window, breathing night air.

"Hi there!" Miss Temple looked ravishing, radiant. "Guess I'm a little late—I overslept. Say, you feel all right?" Amity Temple stopped in front of the bank vice president's desk. She leaned far over, so that Bernard had to close his eyes. She placed the moist palm of her hand on his forehead. He gasped, his nostrils aware of her strong perfume.

"I—that is, your clock is twelve minutes slow, Miss Temple."

Amity Temple stepped back and raised an eyebrow. "Why Mister Benson?" she said, her voice suggestively low. "Have you been peeking into my bedroom?"

Benson paled, choked. "Why, no! Of course not! I only guessed that—"

Miss Temple laughed. "You sure are psychic, honey. But let me get you some water. You're running a fever!"

"No, I'm fine," Bernard said thickly. "Just a touch of indigestion."

Miss Temple crossed to the water cooler and came back with a lily cup half full of cool water. She held an aspirin tablet in her other hand. Bernard swallowed the aspirin. "Thank you," he mumbled. "And forget about being late."

Later he stole furtive glimpses of Miss

Temple as she efficiently handled the line of customers at her window. He could see only from her waist up, but then that was the half of her he knew intimately. He swallowed three tranquilizer pills and got to work. He turned down three small business deals that seemed a little risky and then granted one G. I. Loan with a sudden surge of patriotism. The G. I.'s wife was a pretty redhead, reminding him of Miss Temple.

Just before closing, Bernard's heart acted up a little, when he caught a glimpse of Miss Temple adjusting her stockings as she stepped from her cage. "Better get a good night's sleep, Mr. Benson," she said, dropping onto the edge of his big desk, beside his framed picture of Laura. "And incidentally—" she paused to freshen her lipstick "—I'll remember to set my clock up tonight."

The girl looked at Bernard through half closed eyes. In near-panic he felt his heart skip a beat. He clutched the edge of the desk as she blew him a kiss and clicked across the lobby and left.

THE STARS WERE brilliant at 11:15. Bernard phoned in the three flights from the east, as they came over on schedule.

The time passed more quickly than he had thought possible.

At eleven-thirty Miss Temple stepped into her bedroom and snapped on the light, then went to the bathroom. Bernard's telescope was waiting when twelve minutes later she returned, fresh and perfumed for the night and stepped to the window. She opened it and stood there in the nude, breathing deeply. Her breasts rose up, full like the moon peering above the horizon.

She recrossed the room to her dresser, standing against the rose-patterned wallpaper. She picked up the clock. It said 11:27. She carried it back to the window and sat on the sill, setting the minute hand ahead 15 minutes to 11:42.

Then she stood up, holding the clock loosely against her belly as she looked across the elms, into the night. Suddenly she smiled, placed her fingertips to her lips and blew a kiss out across the night sky.

Miss Temple snapped off the light and lay back on her bed, listening to the heavy-throated rumble of a giant B-36 intercontinental bomber moving across the cold stars, somewhere high in the stratosphere. The sound lulled her to sleep . . .

Laura found Bernard collapsed on the platform, beside his telescope, dead of a heart attack. Sobbing, she called the doctor.

Next day, the Center City Republican related how Bernard Benson had died at his post on his night watch as a GOC hero. There was speculation that he had mistaken a B-36 Air Force bomber for a Russian plane.

And at the State Bank, Miss Temple arrived promptly at 9:30 a.m. and quietly crossed the tile lobby, her spiked heels clicking loudly. She blew a silent kiss toward Bernard's empty desk and stepped into her cage to freshen her lipstick and go to work.

Books For Men



BUSINESS:

Planning the Future Strategy of your Business—from leaders at the Harvard Conference. Bursk & Fenn
Urban Mortgage Lending—comparative markets and experience. Morton
The American Business Creed. Sutton

ADVENTURE:

The Last Voyage of the Lusitania—the account of the torpedoing by a German U-Boat. Hoehling
Squadron Airborne—the story of the Battle of Britain in photographs. Trevor

Gorilla Hunter—true life story set in the Cameroons. Merfield

HUMOR:

The Girl He Left Behind—postwar army as seen by the 'See Here, Private Hargrove' author. Hargrove
The Funny Men—A TV comic hits his field. Allen
Short Trot Through a Cultured Mind—British humor. Campbell

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES:

Mr. Lincoln's Admirals—Sea battles of the war. MacCartney
Yankee Reporters—the journalists who covered the war. Crozier
Beloved—the story of Judah P. Benjamin, brains of the Confederacy. Delmar

SPORTS:

Sportsman Guide to the Caribbean. Ellam
The Walter Hagen Story—about the man who gave golf a professional status. Hagen
Tiger Wore Spikes—story of Ty Cobb. McCallum

ARCHAEOLOGY:

Treasure in the Thames—description of life in the English river from ancient days. Noel-Hume

OTHER NATIONS:

The Cross of Iron—German army's fight in retreat across Russia. Willi
Mori Sa'Id—pioneer's fight to live in Israel. Hazaz

EDUCATION:

Books that Changed the World—16 books that have wielded the balance of power in men's minds. Downs
The Mind Goes Forth—understanding in group and personal relationships. Overstreet

The Hostile Mind—a psychoanalytic discussion. Saul

ASTRONOMY:

The Exploration of Mars—two of the world's greatest authorities in rocket research speak. Ley & von Braun
Guide to Mars. Moore

MISCELLANEOUS:

How To Select and Use Your Tape Recorder. Mark
Going to the Opera—nontechnical introduction on the whys and wherefores of the opera. Salter

SATURDAY NIGHT

[continued from page 48]

like a vise and then the massive leg dug for the groin. Haggerty was ready. He twisted aside taking the force on his thigh. The power of the kick almost numbed his leg. Quickly Haggerty brought the side of his palm down against the thick neck. It was a killing blow but the mountain of flesh merely staggered back a step.

Haggerty ducked as the massive fist cannoned at him. Then whipped back with a left and a right that rocked against Muller's jaw. The giant blinked and lowered his head. He came forward again. Haggerty steeled himself. Each punch he delivered was for Kevin. The thought added strength to his body.

The arm reached for him again ripping skin from Haggerty's face as he side-stepped. The fury of his rush carried Muller into the bar, knocking bottles and glasses from the shelves behind it. Before Muller could untangle, Haggerty drove a left, right, left, into the massive head. Blood smeared Muller's face as he turned toward Haggerty again.

"I'll kill you," he roared. "I'll break every bone in your body."

Haggerty's eyes danced dangerously. "Here I am punk. Come on and try it." He stepped forward to meet the maddened monster and a hand from the floor suddenly gripped his ankle. Savagely he pulled free and drove his heel into Davis' upturned face. But the giant was on him!

The boulder-sized fist rammed against Haggerty's jaw almost ripping his head from the neck. Again the sledge hammer came down, and the detective's head began to swim. Then the gorilla fingers reached for his throat and dug in. Desperately Haggerty tugged at the massive arm trying to tear it from his tortured throat, but the brutal fingers seemed riveted. He kicked frantically to free himself as he felt himself sinking away. "Goodby, stranger," the mocking voice vibrated in his ear. "You're going a long ways now. Just-like-that-soldier-boy." Then Haggerty went beserk!

He ripped loose from the paralyzing grip and bounded to his feet like a demon from hell. A fury met the astonished giant who rose to meet him. Right, left, right, left, exploded into Muller's face. The giant staggered back, his face a raw mass. Haggerty closed in. The iron fist thundered against Haggerty's head but the detective shook it off blindly. A right dug into Muller's gut doubling him up. An uppercut drove the freak back on his heels. A right-cross smashed Muller against a wall threatening the building. The giant held up his arm to protect himself as the lightning punches dynamited sickly into his frightened face. A right that had every ounce of Haggerty's hate crashed against the trembling jaw. The giant swayed like a wounded elephant.

Haggerty stepped back and measured him. An elbow rocketed viciously into the dazed face ripping teeth from the torn gums. The lights went out in Muller's eyes. Another right shot into the sagging jaw and Muller crashed to the floor.

Haggerty stood over him panting. That was only half the job. His face a marble mask he leaned down and grabbed the massive arm in his hands and dragged the unconscious giant across the floor. Grimly, as the silent onlookers watched, he propped the huge arm against the bar rest. Then he brought his leg down with all his strength. The giant screamed as the bones smashed. Again the leg was raised and again Haggerty came down. Someone in the back vomited as the broken bones came through the skin.

Haggerty looked at the mishappen arm then stepped back. That arm would never hurt anyone again. His eyes swept around the saloon challenging those around him but nobody moved. Without a word he left the bar.

HE STOPPED at the first decent motel outside of town and bathed his bruised face. Then he dropped his weary frame on the clean linen. Maybe it hadn't been the lawful way to handle the situation. The way he liked to do things. But under the code of Cattle Cross it was fair. Tomorrow he would head North again. Tonight he was very tired. He closed his eyes. +

JAZZ

[continued from page 42]

my Dutch."

George Avakian of Columbia Records caught her last year and paired her on a record with the Jazz Messengers. They like each other so well, they set off on a tour together.

Rita and her drum-playing husband, Wes Ilcken, have toured Africa, Spain, France, England and Sweden. "When we feel like it and we're offered a good contract," she says, "we just pack up and go."

JEAN THIELEMANS

If Belgian Jean Thielemans (sometimes he gives in to American ways and spells it John Tilmans) weren't a first-rate guitar player, he would not have been playing the guitar for George Shearing for the past three years. But his more

conspicuous contribution to jazz has been his success in outfitting the lowly harmonica with a full dress suit.

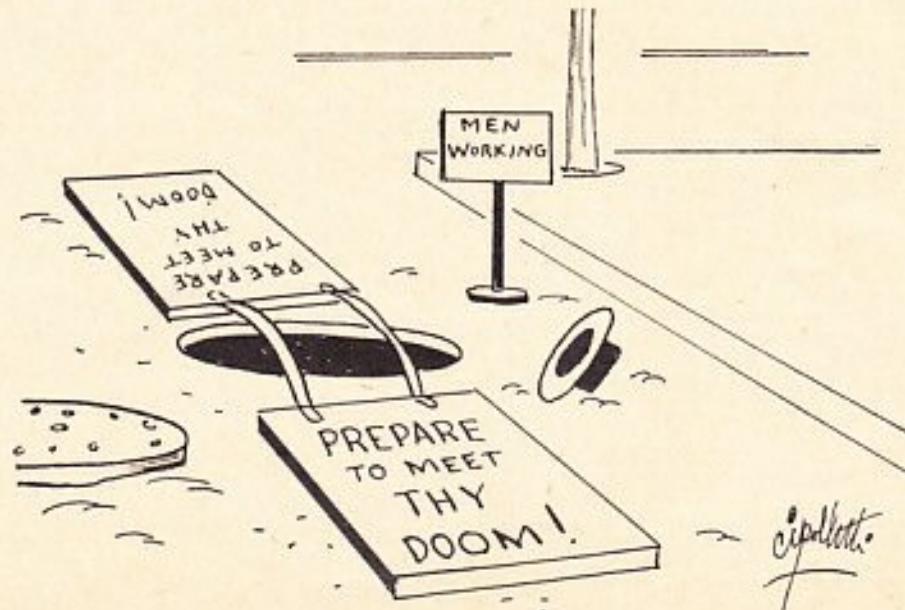
"The basic thing," says Jean, "is that I play the harmonica as an instrument, not a toy. It has so many potentialities. You can get clarinet tones, violin effects, chord effects in octaves; some of the fast runs have a piano sound, but it can also bounce like a tenor."

"I use a three-octave chromatic harmonica (it costs about \$12 to \$18) and with sufficient practice, I can play anything in any key. The biggest problem, of course, is phrasing, because notes are alternately blown and inhaled. If you really want to improvise on the harmonica you have to know your instrument thoroughly, know everything it can do."

Jean, born in Brussels in 1922, picked up the harmonica while he majored in mathematics at college. In 1941 he heard Django Reinhardt and he dived for the nearest guitar and began to learn it. He began to get jobs, mostly in American GI hangouts overseas, and then was tapped by Benny Goodman for a small-unit European tour in 1950. In 1951 he came to America.

"For the sole purpose of bettering his technique," the mustached Belgian says, in the phrasing of the college professor he had originally intended to be, "the foreign jazz student does not really have to come to the States. If he is *gifted* and if he has enough desire to learn, he will be able to do so from the records. They are the best books, and he will be able to acquire control of the language of jazz. And as far as formal knowledge is concerned, there are good music schools all over the world. But, talking from personal experience, I doubt very much whether the foreign jazz student will be able to grasp only from the records all the meaning of the notes, the feeling behind them. That is the one thing I have learned in the States."

And that one thing—the very artistic essence of jazz—is the flower which, as Jutta Hipp discovered, can only grow and flourish along Stateside sidewalks under America's fast-walking, fast-talking, fast-living, forward-plunging crazy mixed-up citizens. +



Meet Sam



We've had many letters from you asking about the different types of TIGERS you think we should feature. Since TIGER is, as we stated on our October issue, a State of Mind, there can therefore be many physical types of TIGERS.

We happen to have featured Hiram in the first 3 issues, (see page 4 of this issue).

We've got a lot of physical types of TIGERS, just as there are a lot of you. From time to time we'll show them all. But whatever they look like or whatever they dress like, they have one thing in common they're all TIGERS!



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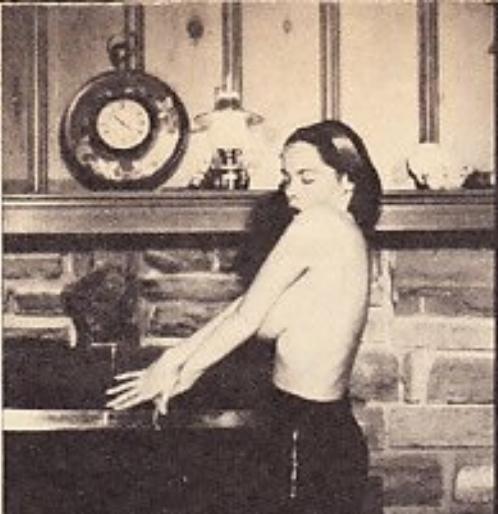
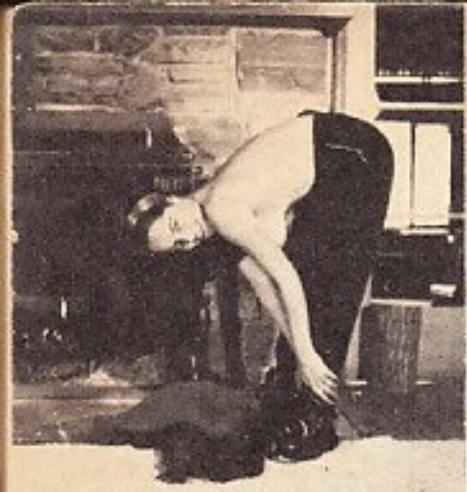
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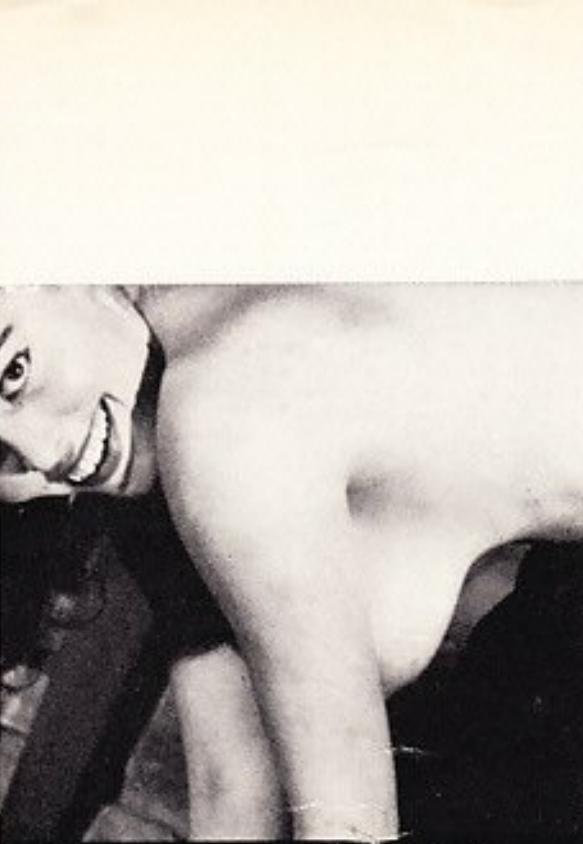
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**Mail to TIGER
Dept. H, 624 S. Michigan
Chicago 5, Illinois**





Nestled among the hills of California is a nudist camp, which Ed DeLong claims is the home of many of the world's most beautiful women. Naturally, at hearing this we challenged Ed to put up or shut up. He put up Dianne Webber. We shut up.

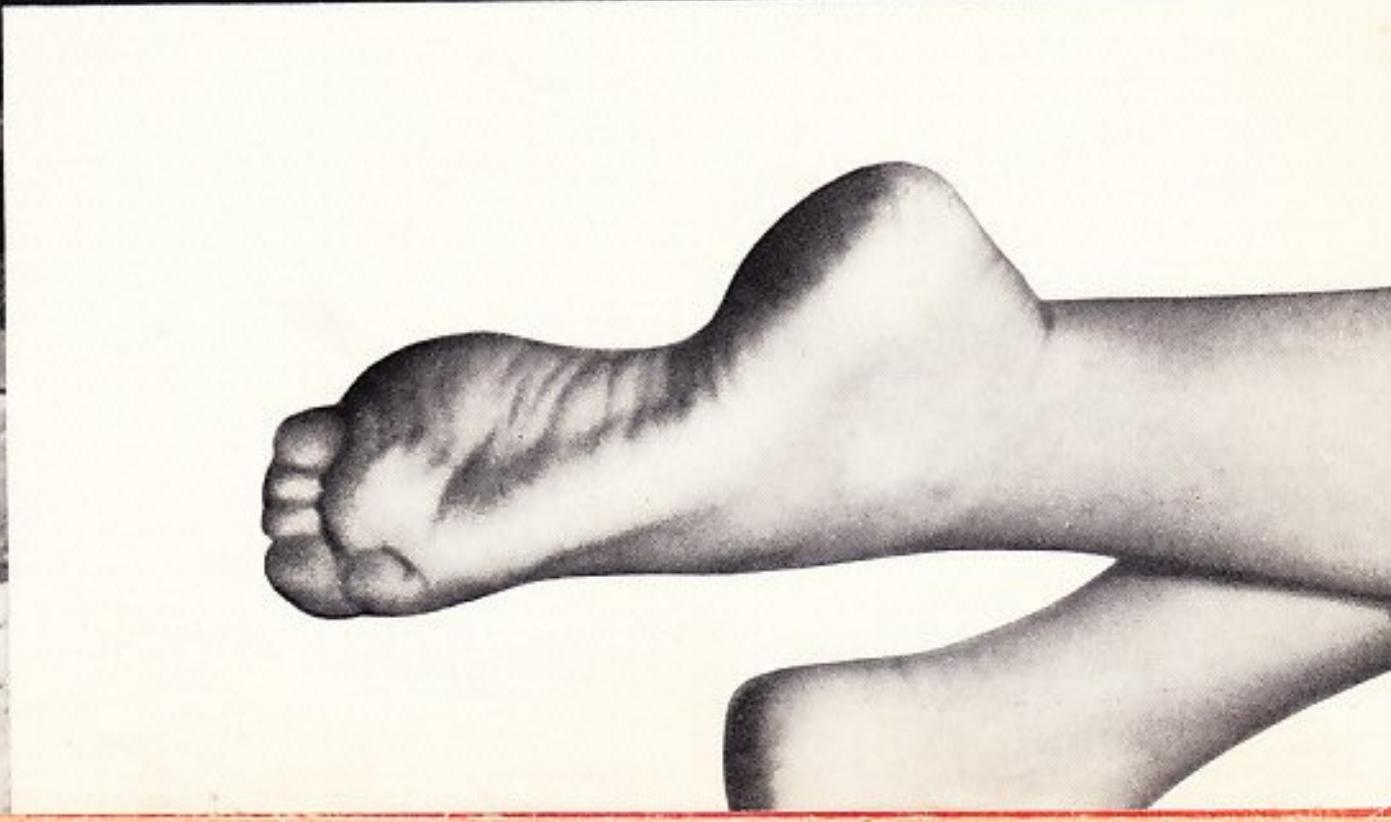
Now, we have never been to a nudist camp, mainly because we've never been invited. But according to Ed, you run around in absolutely nothing but smiles. That's why Dianne's feet are dirty. Good healthy contact with Mother Earth. It seems that there are other ways to have good healthy contact with Mother Earth, while at a nudist camp. Still, we've never been invited.

Dianne seems to be most welcome, and why not? If you had a 38" bust, with a 26" waist and hips, zowie! . . . (37) . . . you'd be invited too.

And Dianne? She has one complaint against men . . . they dress too much. Seems they cover up what a woman . . . well, you know what she means.

For those of you who want to see the you-know-what simply drop a line to Dianne Webber, Happy Bottom Nudist Camp, Box 188, Chicago 90, Illinois.

We will forward all letters promptly. If you do get asked, please let us know. We'd like to hear how you liked it.



**TIGER
OF THE PAST
GEORGE S.
PATTON**

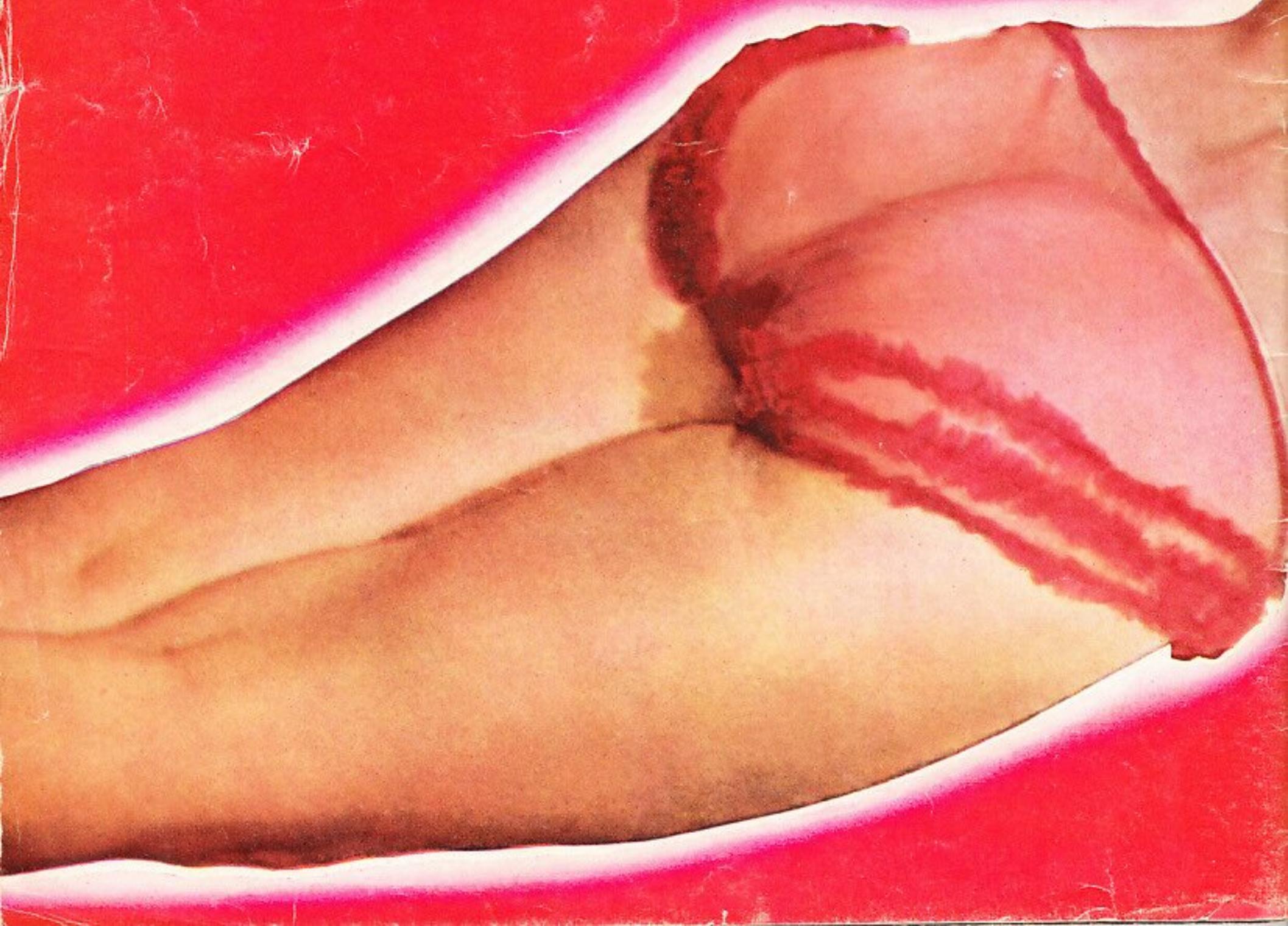
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